

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

NOVEMBER, 1857.

COLUMBUS.

BY CHARLES ADAMS.

BEHOLD him! It is on the morning of the 12th of October, in the year of our Lord 1492. He is standing upon that deck—his eye resting upon the new discovered world. For many hours every sign had been favorable. There were soundings, and there were land-birds soaring in the air, and a newly cut piece of cane had been seen floating on the waves, and a branch of some strange tree, laden with red berries, had been picked up from the sea. Moreover, the clouds at sunset assumed a new aspect, and the air was milder and softer, and the winds at night-time had become unequal and variable, till, at length, expectation was on tiptoe, and, last night, the sails were furled, and the ships lay to, and strict watch was enjoined. Meanwhile no man shut his eyes to sleep—none remained below deck. All were on the alert, and, peering out into the night, were gazing intently landward.

At about ten o'clock, Columbus, standing upon the fore-castle, observes a light in the distance, and privately points it out to Petro Gutierrez, standing by his side. The latter whispers to Salcedo, controller of the fleet, and the three watch it together, and notice its motions, as if it were borne from place to place.

The joyful sound of "Land! land!" is presently heard breaking on the midnight air. Yet all wait in the anguish of uncertainty for the revelations of the morning.

And the dawning of that morning settles the great question. A new world is actually discovered, and is rising up from the sea, only five or six miles away. They gaze over on those pleasant lands with a rapture somewhat analogous to what we may conceive to be that of the weary Christian pilgrim, as, closing his dying eyes upon this world, he finds himself all suddenly nearing

the shores of the immortal paradise. Surpassingly beautiful is the scenery filling the eye of Columbus, as you contemplate him standing upon that ship, and gazing landward. It is a scenery of level and verdant fields, with here and there lovely groves robed in the most magnificent foliage; and sprightly rivulets are winding their peaceful way through flowery meadows. Over all the soft sunshine of that October morning is beginning to diffuse its delicious radiance, and from out those groves of beauty the early warblings of a thousand birds seem wafted on the intervening waters.

Every one is filled with intensest excitement. They have come far over unknown seas, and for many days almost all hearts have drooped in discouragement. There had been dark misgivings from the outset, and when, leaving the westernmost islands yet known, they pushed out into vast and undiscovered waters, they grew more somber still. Meanwhile, falling within the mysterious path of the trade-winds, they saw themselves wafted with singular regularity and rapidity toward the watery west. The last vestige of land had sunk behind them, and they seemed losing themselves amid strange and distant seas—an awful world of waters relieved by no upheaving island—no sunny sail lying off upon the horizon—no bird of beauty cleaving the upper air. There they sailed—sailed steadily—but sailed in solitude. To those pensive mariners it was the seeming of having bidden the world a long adieu, and of having been launched as upon the abyss of infinity. Days rose and set. Regularly they saw the sun come up behind them, and watched his going down, at evening, amid the interminable seas that stretched away before them. Strong men were filled with dismay; and there were bitter regrets and tears in memory of native land and pleasant homes, from which they were now daily and rapidly receding, and which they might

never look upon again, and to which the tidings of their sad fate might never come.

Meanwhile, as time passed on, and when they had been borne many leagues toward mid-ocean, a phenomenon presented itself that thrilled all hearts with horror. Far away in this new world of waters a novel sight appears. The magnetic needle is observed to point no longer, as usual, toward the polar star, but it bears, with increasing variation, toward the west. Thus in those strange climes whither they had sailed, nature itself seemed altered, and established laws seemed unsettled, as if they were approaching some dire and fearful crisis, and were about to be engulfed in chaos and utter ruin.

Onward they sailed, and still onward. Constant is the westward gale, and firm stands the helmsman; and the sails need no shifting from day to day; and the little fleet glides swiftly through the fathomless seas.

Presently a new and unheard-of scene spreads out before them, to enhance the terrors of that awful voyage. The mariners look out along the ocean, and its surface in every direction, and to the farthest extent of the vision, is covered with weeds—and having the aspect of a boundless meadow—wherein the ships are floating and laboring as if in an endless and perilous swamp. The sailors turn away from the sickening sight, and begin to imagine themselves approaching some uttermost boundary of navigable seas, where cheerless shoals spread off indefinitely, and where huge and shapeless rocks lay just concealed beneath the surface—fit gulf of ruin for hapless wanderers over the deep. Yet the fleet traverses this strange ocean scenery, and leaves it far astern, still sweeping onward by day and by night; and still the world they sought seemed as distant as ever. And all pleasant signs of land have disappeared, and every welcome omen had proved fallacious, and each dawning prospect of success had vanished alike as they saw the magnificent sun sink down at evening behind the far-off billows.

And now ran secret whisperings and murmurings along the deck; and there were cabals and mutinous suggestions, and dark and dreadful thoughts. And the grim contagion spreads itself from ship to ship. They speak of their commander as a desperate adventurer, leading them on to certain destruction. They accuse their sovereign of rash credulity in giving him any countenance, or listening, for a moment, to his wild schemes of discovery—and as they still sail onward, yet darker thoughts succeed. There are proposals to throw overboard the man who had

been the means of involving them in so great a peril—then they would tack ship, and, if possible, find their way back from these dismal seas.

At length all control and all subordination was at an end. Even the officers take part with the men against Columbus. Impatience, rage, and despair are depicted on every countenance. They rally in a tumultuous assembly on the deck, and mingling threats with their expostulations, require of their commander instantly to tack about and return to Europe.

The great Columbus failed not to appreciate his position. He saw plainly that neither threats nor persuasions on his part, nor the presenting of any promises or hopes, would now avail; and over his mighty spirit rushed, like the damp breath of despair, the heart-rending conviction that all was lost. And yet it were a more facile labor to pluck a mountain from its everlasting foundations, and hurl it into the sea, than to crush a soul whom God's inspiration inflames and fortifies for great and momentous deeds. Thus was this man equal to the tremendous crisis whereto he had now come in his lifelong struggle—a crisis, too, in the world's grand history, and in the progress of wealth and power, civilization and Christianity. He plainly felt that a pressure was on him too heavy and fearful for resistance, and the great man yielded—yielded patiently to the tempest. "Give me but three days more," he said, "and if then no land appears we will return." The request, even to such enraged and ungovernable men, seemed too reasonable to be refused, and was consented to.

On his own part, Columbus felt few misgivings in staking the matter upon such an issue. The presages of land were now becoming so numerous and promising, that he deemed them to be infallible; and ere the "three days" were spent, the long-wished-for land appeared, and the great achievement was secured, and the enterprise was triumphant.

Thus are we brought again to the scenery of the picture, on the morning of the great discovery. A part of the deck is visible, and beyond is the gentle wave, and farther on is the distinct line of the shore, and the beautiful lands revealed to the eye by the rising dawn. There is transport—there is ecstasy along that deck. Glance toward the fore-castle upon those weary mariners. They seem embracing each other for very joy. See that glad figure pointing landward, and see that rude countenance all wild with delight; and see those kneeling and prostrate forms, fallen down before the great commander. But a day or two before they were enraged mutineers, ready

for the destruction of the man before whom they now bow themselves so lowly. Feelings of self-condemnation mingled with profound reverence now fill their bosoms, and they are imploring pardon for their ignorance, incredulity, and insolence, and for the base part they had acted, and for the disquiet they had occasioned to the man whom they now suppose to be a personage inspired by Heaven for great and superhuman deeds.

Last of all, and chief of all, contemplate the grand feature of the picture—the tall and commanding form of the illustrious navigator. His feet stand firmly, and his person is erect—and his arms are folded beneath his ample cloak, and his solemn eye is gazing over upon those pleasant shores. He seems not to hear the loud *te Deum* that is chanted along the deck, nor to be aware of the lowly prostrations at his feet. Loftier thoughts are rushing upon him, and mightier emotions are swelling intensely his stern and long-tried soul.

A great day!—a morning to be laid up for eternal memory!—an era of stupendous interest in the history of time! Now is the grand consummation of efforts, and zeal, and patience, and perseverance, which, though unprecedented and sublime, are crowned, this morning, with an achievement worthy of them all. As he stands there before your eye, it is not too much that in his youth he delved into strong and difficult studies—that he labored day and night to become a skillful navigator, and to be well informed in astronomy, geography, and all the general sciences of the age. It was not too much that he labored long and arduously to reach a more rational view of the shape and extent of the earth—that by the careful contemplation of various arguments he became convinced that a westward course, sufficiently extended, would reveal undiscovered countries. Nor was it too much that he made so many applications for assistance to enable him to sail away to those distant countries, and claim them for civilization and Christianity. It was not too afflictive, now that he was for so many long years unsuccessful in his efforts, that he seemed doomed to protracted and grievous disappointment, and that he was counted a fanatic and a madman. It seemed sufficient that, though at the advanced age of fifty-six years, and after eighteen years of unsuccessful applications, success had come at length, and the victory was gained.

It was sunrise when Columbus embarked in his cutter, with Alonzo, and Yanoz Pinzon, carrying the royal standard in his hand. As they first set

foot on the land of the new-discovered world, they erect a crucifix, and prostrating themselves before it, they, with tears, thank God for the goodness he had manifested toward them. The astonished natives of the island gather around and survey the scene with amazement. They were simple and inoffensive beings, and were without raiment, and lived near to nature. They are filled with excessive admiration at the fair complexion, the beards, and the apparel of the Spaniards. Timid at first, they gather assurance presently, and approach their new and strange visitors, and with great delight receive trifling presents at their hands. Wearing some slight ornaments of gold upon their persons, they were asked where they were procured. They replied by signs and gestures, stretching out their arms toward the sunny south, and signifying that the golden realms lay off in that direction.

Thus Columbus, with his fleet, soon set sail for the south, having taken on board several of the natives for interpreters. He presently discovered Cuba, St. Domingo, and several other islands, and having erected a fort at the latter island, and manned it with about forty men, he set sail for Spain.

Perilous was the voyage homeward. Head winds and heavy gales were encountered, so that the brave and hopeful Columbus himself despaired of ever reaching land again. Thus he saw that all his brilliant discoveries would be lost to mankind, and all the grand results and success of his life's ambition would sink with him to destruction. The thought was agonizing, and he had recourse to what seemed to him the only means now in his power for preserving the story of his great discovery. This he inscribed briefly on two pieces of parchment, put each into a cask impervious to water, and threw one of them overboard—retaining the other till the vessel should founder. Divine Providence, however, interfered in this great extremity—the awful gale died away, and pleasant and favoring breezes succeeded, and the ships reached the Azores in one month from the day of sailing—and in one month more, and after an absence of seven months and a half, Columbus reached Palos—the point of his departure. Eventful months! They were the date of a voyage that has stamped with immortality the name of the great navigator.

Enthusiastic and excessive were the rejoicings at Palos at the arrival and reception of Columbus. The bells rang out a loud and joyous peal. The magistrates and all the dignitaries resorted to the shore to receive him as he landed, and their admiration was unbounded at the thought of his

having successfully achieved what all the world had believed to be impossible.

Then his journey to court seemed a sort of triumphal march. Multitudes from all directions ran together to look upon the man who had performed such wonderful and extraordinary things. It was a public entry as he came into Barcelona, and the whole city came out to meet him in procession. "He walked in the midst of the Indians whom he had brought with him, and who were decked out in the fashion of their country. The fragments of gold and rarities which he had collected, were carried before him in open baskets, while thus he proceeded through an immense crowd to the palace. Ferdinand and Isabella were seated on their throne awaiting his arrival; and as soon as he appeared with his train, they arose from their seats. Columbus threw himself upon his knees, but they commanded him to be seated in their presence. He then proceeded, with the modesty and frankness of conscious merit, to give an account of his voyage, and of the discoveries he had made. He exhibited the Indians who attended him, and the precious articles which he had brought. Ferdinand, delighted beyond measure at the success of the grand enterprise to which he had so slowly yielded his assent, confirmed to Columbus all his privileges, and permitted him to join to the arms of his own family those of the kingdoms of Castile and Leon, with the emblems of his discoveries, and of the dignities resulting from them."

We have space for little more than a bare synopsis of what remains of the story of Columbus.

With the greatest difficulty, and after the most protracted and discouraging efforts, had the little fleet of three small vessels been secured by Columbus for his first voyage of discovery. It was deemed a forlorn, not to say a fanatical enterprise, and treated as such. But when the voyage had been made, and its success had become a fixed fact, the world seemed to have become changed as by magic. There was a general transport of joy over all Europe, and the popular mind was filled with the most sanguine expectations. Columbus was no longer a fanatic, but one marked out by destiny for great achievements. The mysterious voyage over sea was no longer regarded with mistrust or gloomy bodings, but rather as conducting to certain distinction and boundless wealth.

Hence, the discoverer of the new world, as he prepared to embark on his second voyage, found no difficulty in equipping the expedition. "The public favor, of which he was now the object,

rendered every exertion easy. A fleet of seventeen vessels—three being ships of burden, the remainder caravels—was quickly fitted out; and about fifteen hundred persons, many of whom were volunteers, eager to gather in the new world the first harvest of glory and of gold, embarked, full of hope and animation."

It was a proud day for Columbus, and one of the very happiest of his life, when, on the morning of the twenty-fifth of September, 1493, he stood out of the Bay of Cadiz on his second voyage of discovery. He was at the head of a considerable fleet—his merits had been duly appreciated and acknowledged—the smiles and applause of Europe cheered him, and the flattering kindness of his sovereigns delighted him. Public opinion, heretofore so unanimously opposed, was now changed, and the enthusiasm of the multitude was enlisted in his cause.

Early in November the fleet was cruising among the islands of the West Indies, and new islands were discovered. The fiercer and warlike natives of the Caribs came under notice, and the mariners saw with horror human limbs roasting at the fire, or hanging up as provision for future festivals. Arriving at Hispaniola, Columbus saw that the fort he had erected was reduced to ashes, and that not one of all the forty men he had left to man it remained to tell the story of destruction. But it was soon ascertained that the garrison at once threw off all subordination, and abandoned themselves to the most insolent licentiousness in their treatment of the natives. Thus this simple people soon ceased to regard them with awe and reverence as a superior order of beings, and they were early and easily cut off.

After much cruising in these seas, Columbus found it necessary to return to Spain, in order to counteract the force of certain misrepresentations of him that had been borne thither by hostile agencies. He was received with distinguished favor at the Spanish court, where "his frank exposition of the disordered state of the colony, his manifest solicitude for its welfare, and his just views with respect to its future management, restored him at once to the full confidence of his sovereigns, and cleared away all the aspersions of his enemies."

Early in the summer of 1498, Columbus, with a fleet of six vessels, embarked on his third voyage of discovery. Adopting a more southerly course than before, he discovered, on the thirty-first of July, the peaks of Trinidad, and entered the Gulf of Paria. Here he remarked, with astonishment, "the luxuriance of the country, the mild temperature of the air, and fair complexions of the

inhabitants, when compared with the regions of Africa, situated under the same parallel of latitude." Indeed, he supposed that he had now approached the ancient paradise, and that the great river Oronoco, which poured its ample waters into the Gulf, descended from the garden of Eden.

Arriving at Hispaniola, Columbus found the colony there in the wildest state of anarchy and confusion. Subordination was at an end, and the turbulent had taken up arms. Columbus endeavored to calm the troubled waters, but only partially succeeded. Meanwhile, dispatches, detailing the accounts of insurrections and troubles, together with numerous complaints against the great admiral, were industriously transmitted to Spain, till the court resolved to send out an officer provisionally authorized to assume the chief power, and restore order to the disturbed settlement. This weak and impetuous man did not hesitate, on his arrival, to treat Columbus at once as a delinquent, and arrested and loaded him with irons. Thus he was sent home to Spain, a prisoner, and in bonds, and as he came, the public indignation was loud and clamorous against those who counseled this unworthy treatment of a man of such distinguished and eminent services. The generous and noble Isabella deeply sympathized with his wounded heart, and the coldly-disposed Ferdinand was obliged to give way to the popular feeling. Columbus was immediately set at liberty, and was received at court with every mark of distinction. His vindication of his conduct was listened to with deference, and the arrogant and headstrong Bobadilla, who had superseded and abused him, was immediately recalled.

In his fourth and last voyage of discovery, the expedition commanded by Columbus was composed of only four small caravels—the largest of them not exceeding seventy tons burden. He sailed on the 9th of May, 1502, and reached Martinique June 15th. Designing to touch at Hispaniola, he was forbidden by the arrogant Ovando, who had been appointed by the government, to enter the harbor, and stood away for Cuba. Then taking a south-western course he reached the shore of Honduras, and coasted southerly toward the Isthmus with the vain hope of finding a passage to India. In this coasting voyage he suffered greatly from adverse winds, conflicting currents, and hostile natives. Amid so many discouragements the great Columbus waxed sick, and was scarcely able to appear on deck. Meanwhile, his shattered vessels were no longer able to bear the tossing of a tempestuous sea. While attempting to reach the coast of Cuba, a violent storm arose, and to avoid being swallowed up in the ocean, he ordered his

vessels to be run aground on the shore of Jamaica. Here he was obliged to linger, in great straits, during a whole year; and although information of his condition had been conveyed to Ovando, of Hispaniola, he refused to send any assistance or relief, till the loud and severe censures of the colonists compelled him to do so, for the preservation of his own popularity. Arriving at Hispaniola, Columbus was received and greeted with every manifestation of joy and enthusiasm. His misfortunes had disarmed hostility, and even the unworthy Ovando exhibited a show of courtesy and outward respect.

As soon as his health was sufficiently restored Columbus sailed for Spain, where he arrived safely in November, 1504, and this was his last voyage. He was now aged and poor. His friend and patroness, Queen Isabella, was no more; the King was cold and unjust. Columbus was discouraged, and, amid the pangs of disappointment, expired at Valladolid, on the 20th of May, 1506.

RIISING IN THE WORLD.

THE moment that a man begins to rise above his fellows, he becomes a mark for their missiles. The already superior regard him as a probable competitor, and those below, or equal, as an impediment to their own progress. They make common cause, accordingly, for his destruction. But this, if he be of the right moral stuff, will rather help than hurt him. If he be truly superior, the roughening process to which the strife subjects him, endows him with the most beneficial hardihood; and he continues to ascend, till he ceases to be within the control of either. As soon as they discover that their missiles no longer reach the object, they gather them up and make of them a monument in his honor, equally emulous in worship of the genius which they failed to victimize. So far he is safe; but he is then required to be doubly circumspect, and his shield must be one of the most crystalline propriety. While he struggled up the ascent, they would probably have preferred to see him weak and vicious. But, once upon the eminence, his adamant must be of more perfect proof than ever. His former fame is now his foe, and the exactions of his station are more dangerous than all the missiles of his ancient enemies. Let him falter in his place—let him but touch the earth for an instant, and show his stains—and the clamor and the assault are always more formidable from the superior elevation of the victim. We see spots on the sun and moon, which we should never regard on a house-wall or a hillock.

OVER THE RIVER.

BY EMILY C. HUNTINGTON.

JUNE in the summer meadows—life and glory bursting every-where into intensest radiance—billows of vivid green rolling, swelling, gleaming in the flood of sunshine—radiant mornings and silent starry eves—nights mantled in purple darkness, how they crowd and press upon the senses, till we grow almost intoxicate with the rich splendor of earth! How like a glorious temple the great world seems, arched over with the blue glittering heavens, and with the sweet, low-voiced wind murmuring through it! Ah, queenly June! why should she sadden us with memories of our lost beloved? If the wind went crying along the dark, and the rain beat and sobbed at the window, and the dead leaves dropped slowly from the gaunt boughs; if the grass was crisp in the meadows, and the gray sky over all—then no wonder if the heart turned yearningly to the lost hours of the summer and wept over its buried loves; but not now should such hours come. *'Twas autumn then, 't is summer now*; why should I remember how Carrie died? I can not tell, but through all these brilliant pictures I see a little mound with the daisies creeping all above it, with a white head stone lifting to the sunlight only these words:

"He carrieth the lambs in his bosom."

Little Carrie was blind. God saw how few flowers grew along her pathway, so he mercifully sealed up her eyes that they might not look on the dark frowning places. Then he put forth his hand and guided her, O so lovingly! for a little while, and then drew her to his bosom and opened first her eyes in heaven.

Her father never saw his baby, and the pale mother stopped to press but one kiss on those sightless eyes, and then followed him down eternity's pathway, and the great gates of death closed behind them, and the baby was left to wander outside in the cold.

I can not tell of all the want and suffering that clouded little Carrie's baby life; doubtless He who heareth the cry of the sparrow and tenderly careth for all, bent down full of compassion to see that none loved his little stricken lamb, and in the beautiful night-time who knows but the pitying angels took the soul of the poor baby to rest for a while by the green meadows and golden flowers of eternity's skies? Little we know of the mystery of dreams, or how near we draw to heaven under their shadow.

At least we know our Father did watch over

her, and as her helpless babyhood changed slowly into childish grace, a wondrous beauty he shed down upon her. Day by day the wonder grew, so strangely fair was the budding child; looking in her gloomy home like some beautiful lily carelessly cast among the choking weeds by the roadside. That home—ah! darling Carrie, that ever you should have been so sheltered!—that home was the poor-house—dark and unloving. We found her there one day in the sweet spring wakening—the third spring that had brightened about her. She had crept out from the bare yard to the mossy banks by the road-side. Over her head the boughs were stooping with their load of white blossoms, and in and out among them flitted the golden-breasted oriole, trilling his low silvery note. But Carrie could not see the apple-blossoms, or the flashing wanderer among them, and she only lay upon the soft grass, with the south wind lifting her fair hair, and her large eyes floating in unshed tears. God have pity on the one that dared to grieve thee, white lamb of the flock!

We had heard of the child before, and we knew her in a moment, for there could be but one such face of saintly beauty. We looked at her for a few moments in silence, and I saw the tears welling up into Mary's eyes, and her sad lip beginning to quiver. I knew why it was; I had not forgotten that but a few days had passed since she put her baby away from her bosom, a dead, pulseless thing. She was thinking of it now as she looked upon the little blind creature before her, and the mother's heart was yearning toward her. She went softly up to her and, kneeling beside her, called gently, "Carrie!" The child listened, and a look of wonder crept over her face. Mary lifted her in her arms, kissed her cheek, and lip, and brow, all the time murmuring in her sweet sad voice, "My own little darling," just as she had been wont to caress the dear baby we both remembered. Suddenly the child's face lightened, and laying her little hand upon Mary's face she cried, "Mamma!" Who could resist that questioning plea? Not Mary, with her desolate heart; and so little Carrie was that very day taken from the unkindly influences about her, and folded about with a very atmosphere of love and tenderness. How beautifully the bud unfolded in our home! I can see her now, as I have seen her so often, kneeling in the soft twilight, with her little hands clasped upon Mary's knee, and her fair face upturned, slowly repeating, in her imperfect tones, the words of that universal prayer, "Our Father, who art in heaven." What a wondrous prayer that is, summing up, as it does, in its simple petitions, all that the creature can

ask of the creator! "Our Father, who art in heaven," whispers the little child at nightfall, "hallowed be thy name," and folding his hands upon his trustful heart, he looks upward, as the first dawns of a great reverence stir within him, to see if "our Father" stoops to listen. Grown older the youth, half doubting, prays, "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors;" and manhood, with heart at spring-tide and passions grown strong within him, dwells long upon the petition, "lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil," till old age, leaning back again into the arms of God, whispers with weak breath, "For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory," and the prayer begun on earth is finished with eternity's ending, "forever and ever. Amen."

She has done with such prayer, our blind darling, for the little Carrie is dead. She staid with us through the long summer days, and when the autumn came, with its store of golden fruitage, she was ripe for heaven, and so she went home. We followed her all the way down to the brink of the river that rolls between, weeping as we went, and striving to hold her with our weak, human hands; but there stole such music over the water, and the white wings gleamed so on our vision that we fell upon our faces and saw her no more; and so Carrie died.

The child is dead, thank God the blind one sees!
Was it not kindly given,
That eyes, which earth could only fill with tears
Should open first in heaven?

The child is dead, the little homeless lamb
Is safe within the fold,
No more along these bleak and wintry moors
To wander in the cold.

The child is dead, she hath no need of prayer;
Within that safer home,
Where the great Shepherd gently leads his care,
Her feet will never roam.

And it is well—no breath, no word of grief
For the pure spirit fled,
But only say with gladness in our hearts,
Thank God, the child is dead!

OLD AGE.

THE decrepitude of old age is dreaded, but it is not a necessary accompaniment. It was a remark of Dr. Bard's, that age is nothing, constitution every thing. Preserve a good constitution, and the beauty of maturity and of old age eclipses that of youth, its grace is more imposing, and its presence more dignified. Temperance and activity are stanch and loving confederates to longevity. "Great walkers," said an aged man and a pedestrian, "make old bones."

A MOTHER'S CHARGE ON HER DAUGHTER'S BRIDAL.

BY MRS. S. T. GRISWOLD.

THE day has come when I must yield
My darling to another,
With all that fount of love unsealed
Which Heaven gives a mother.
Would I might banish from my brow
Each line that sorrow traces;
For nothing greets my vision now,
But bright and happy faces.

In vain, yet O! mistake me not,
Though Joy's quick pulse hath frozen;
I could not ask a brighter lot
Than that my child hath chosen;
I would not ask a nobler heart
Than thou hast fondly brought her;
Or grieve to know that now thou art
The husband of my daughter.

Then, O! forgive a mother's tears—
Forgive her bitter sorrow,
Whose heart will muse, on coming years,
In loneliness to-morrow.
And when my weakness hath revealed
The thoughts I can not smother,
Thou wilt not marvel, for I yield
My darling to another.

Her cheek, where every passing thought
A changeful hue discloses,
With girlish bloom and beauty fraught,
Will lose its early roses;
Those silken braids be streaked with snow—
Decay's unerring warning—
Then will thy heart as warmly glow
As on thy bridal morning?

Her gentle spirit turns to thee
Its all, for aye confiding;
Thy love a polar star will be,
Her earthly beacon guiding;
And should her trust in One above
In time of trial waver,
Thy words—thy prayer—should breathe his love,
And lead her to the Savior.

A fearful might for weal or woe,
For good or ill thou bearest;
Eternity alone can show
How well that wand thou wearest;
But if, unsought, her feet should stray
From streams of living water,
Beware! lest at the last great day
I ask of thee my daughter.

When press the links of grief and care,
To mortals ever given,
"Thy will, our Father," be your prayer,
Till death those links has riven.
May all of joy that earth can give,
With joys that earth gives never,
Be yours; and may you here so live
That bliss may last forever!

Our life endures—such is its brevity—
But while a rain-drop falls from cloud to sea.

NEWINGTON GREEN.

AN ANECDOTAL PAPER OF THE DAYS OF OUR GRANDMOTHER.

DO some of our readers know, under the above designation, a quadrangle of old-fashioned houses with a green in the center, not quite so well cared for as formerly, and footpaths once picturesque, at each angle, leading off to the neighboring villages and fields, the latter rural still, and hallowed by the steps of many generations, who, Sunday after Sunday, have passed through them to the house of God?

The houses on Newington Green have, for the most part, sunken much in station since the period our text refers to; we have even seen among the more humbly tenanted, notices of vacant lodgings, and of the handicrafts of their inhabitants, framed and placed in the window panes; but the space and accommodation of the wainscoted chambers, and the extent of the adjacent gardens, demonstrate that they have belonged to the occupation of wealth and respectability, and to a period when all human arrangements were less cramped and narrow than among the generations which have succeeded it. They were pleasant and handsome homes in our grandmother's days, the residences of families of fortune and station, of "men of mark" and credit upon change, legal functionaries, and others among the upper ranks of the middle classes; at that time the London merchant had not his dwelling in Belgravia or Richmond, still less did a semi-miraculous transit of fifty miles per hour, convey him to and from the business of his counting house and his palatial home at Brighton between his nine o'clock breakfast and his eight o'clock dinner! His residence was in some one of these now half-forgotten eastward suburbs, whose proximity to the great center of commerce and arenas of commercial life, yet whose removal from their smoky atmosphere and weary traffic, recommended it as a locality at once convenient to himself and healthy and agreeable to his family. Times are changed. It is seventy years ago. There were no railroads then, nor long after, except perhaps in the dreams of a few inspired but despised men of genius. The common sense of those days would as soon have thought of traveling on a whirlwind.

There is more than one historical and biographic recollection that gives an interest to the locality we are writing of, and to that old square of neglected houses. Besides once flourishing under royal auspices—the "odor of royalty" yet lingers in the nomenclature of the surrounding precincts, as the Court King Henry's Walk, Queen Elizabeth's Walk, etc.—Newington Green was

visited by the Gordon Riots, and its, then, glossy turf was singed and shriveled by the flames which destroyed the rich furniture and domestic treasures of one of its wealthiest inhabitants. "All I know of Saint George Gordon," wrote the brilliant Walpole to one of his numerous fair correspondents, for whose gratification he made a kind of diary of the progress of the riot, "is that I would change his name to Cordon, and baptize him with a halter." The disturbances to which he gave the appellation have identified it even more infelicitously. He was nothing worse perhaps than a weak fanatic, but he was a terrible commentator on the axiom that, "bigotry murders religion;" he contrived to infuse his sectarian passions into a mass of men, and to create a widespread religious panic made up of this fear and that. It was justly esteemed courageous in our grandmother that she persuaded her husband to throw open their doors to their neighbors the Murphys, Romanists of ancient birth and Spanish blood, receiving the wife and children of the absent "Idolater" and rescuing from destruction the rare and costly pictures, and many of their "household gods." One of her daughters was living at the beginning of the present year, and remembered to the period of her last lamented illness, those flames kindled in the name of religion, which, with terror at the sight, and indistinct perceptions of its meaning, she had beheld as a little child from the windows of her nursery, blazing in the great and retired "Green."

At this same period were living in this inclosure no less than four families, whose names have since been celebrated, if not immortalized. Dr. Price, whose theological reputation is perhaps eclipsed by his talents as a politico-economical writer, whose name not only biographers and encyclopedists have recorded, but which has its place in British history, was the neighbor and intimate friend of our grandmother, a woman whose endowments and acquirements fitted her for association and companionship with men of letters. Next in greatness we shall mention that last, lost link of a poetic era ever past away, Samuel Rogers, just departed full of years and honors, whose hatchment is not yet suspended over that temple of elegance and art so long his home—*requiescat in pace!* He lived upon the "Green," the clever, witty, ugly son of a rich banker, our grandmother's frequent guest, to whose eyes his muse's earliest flights were often confided. Another household of friends and neighbors was that of the Platt family, then connected with high legal appointments and now by an eminent member of the bench. The fourth

name, as well known as any, is that of a woman of genius—genius unfortunately unilluminated by the truth, but a conspicuous genius still—Mary Walstoncroft, the celebrated mother of an almost equally celebrated daughter, opened a school upon the "Green" and called upon our grandmother for her patronage; and the same little girl who witnessed the sacrificial fires of the Gordon rioters has described to us, in her eightieth year, the flowing white robe and raven tresses of her accomplished governess, the champion of the "rights of woman."

Of "Sam Platt," as the father of the learned and respected judge was popularly known on Newington Green, I have an anecdote to "note down," which goes to prove that the gravity and severity of the forensic character do not of necessity cast their shadow before, and that a youth of frolic and mischief is no augury against a meridian of merit and success.* "Sam Platt" and other choice spirits of the Green, an uncle of the writer among the number, anticipated by much more than half a century some of the minor and more harmless of those exploits and diversions which have been so extensively popular among the youth of our own times. The bells of Newington Green were electrified almost every evening, to the affright, annoyance, or resentment of the various applicants. They rang moreover of their own accord, or by some invisible agency which vanished before the indignant footman or bewildered housemaid could attend the summons. The Platt Conspirators had not then the excuse to put forward which a modern poet has courteously provided for such performances.

"If people will write, 'Please to ring the bell,'
Common politeness makes one stop and do it,"

that polite and familiar inscription being probably then unknown. Suspicion looked gravely at Sam Platt and his friends, but they could never be found in the fact—as well attempt to lay hold on Puck, or set a trap for the fairies. The father of the muse of memory, however, hit upon an expedient to satisfy "poetical justice," and by which he not only convicted the culprit, but punished him also in a manner as graceful as amusing. He took his station one evening by the inner side of his own hall door, with his hand on the lock, and "his mind made up" to patience. We can not say how long he had to wait, but when the

crisis arrived it found him ready. Hardly were the mischievous fingers of Sam Platt laid upon Mr. Rogers's bell than the door flew open, and the banker himself caught the receding hand of that dismayed young gentleman, in his turn electrified, though by a purely moral agent. "Ah, my dear Mr. Samuel!" exclaimed the courteous experimentalist, "this is kind, indeed, to call in at our family supper hour so neighborly and uncereemoniously; come in, come in," and Sam, who ardently wished himself at the furthest pole, was drawn forward by the cordial grasp of the banker, and heard with as much nervous trepidation as prevailed in the castle of Otranto the door close behind him. "Come in, come in," continued the inexorably hospitable gentleman, passing his arm through that of the discomfited bell-ringer, and leading his unwilling captive a little forcibly into the midst of the assembled family and well-lighted supper-room. If Sam Platt did not beseech the earth, so much invoked on melodramatic stages to open and receive convicted offenders, to perform that miracle on his behalf, he certainly would have been thankful for any means of escape however unusual and uncomfortable, but there were none forthcoming; there was no help for it but to sit down in the midst of the whole clever family of the Rogers's, the unhappy "cynosure of all eyes," and "observed of all observers," occupying that figurative seat of thorns which is : ways placed for persons who feel they have committed themselves, and no doubt an object of intense amusement to his senior and namesake the future poet, whose exquisite sense of fun must have been extremely gratified. No German dinner ever seemed longer to an English tourist than that supper to Sam Platt. It was in vain that with the suavity and good breeding that prevailed in that house its inmates endeavored to set him at ease, engaging in the round and general flow of conversation, the charm of cultivated circles and especially of the day's last meal, and of course abstaining from all allusion to his discomfiture. It was altogether in vain—the lawyer elect had no idea whether the plate before him contained the wing of a broiled chicken or the thumb of the great tom cat. He would have found no more difficulty in swallowing the one than the other; while the excellent Madeira with which he endeavored to send it down might have been a glass of bitumen from the sea of the plain, as far as his own enjoyment of it was concerned. For his part he would have given all the wine in the banker's famous cellar for one draught of Lethe, especially if he might have handed it round. Purgatory, however, has for-

* He succeeded his father as clerk of the Rules of the Court of King's Bench to Lord Ellenborough, then Chief Justice, and retained that office till late in Lord Tenterden's time.

tunately its limits; so Sam, having expiated his offenses, was let out with the same polite ceremonies with which he was let in. He departed a wiser and a better spirit, and the bells had rest.

We can not leave our subject without a few words of tribute to this muse, to which was destined a niche in the temple of our national literary fame, yet whose claims have hardly, in our humble opinion, been accurately or fully recognized. It would be singular if this should be the case, for rarely did one sing under circumstances so felicitous and auspicious. It was surrounded by every prestige of wealth and society; embellished by every adjunct of art and expense. Those probationary strivings and hinderances of a long *crata*, the poet's "common lot," it never knew. This muse was one of fortune's spoilt children; but though petted, caressed, and flattered, it was not judiciously entertained. The favor it met with was partial rather than discriminating—yielded profusely to the man, the celebrity of a circle, the scholar, connoisseur, and patron, the elegant and liberal host, rather than to the poet, who, perhaps, without all this Aladdin-like good fortune, might have had his special claim more specially considered, and his special fame more specially pronounced. Rogers took from the first the rank of an elegant poet. His *Pleasures of Memory* gave this to him, and Italy gave him no more. He lived in an epoch when poetic genius was strikingly in the ascendant, and he was eclipsed by many among his contemporaries; yet we venture to doubt, were justice fully done, whether Rogers would not deservedly rank above some who, in the enthusiasm of the moment, were placed above him, and who, by the "influence of authority," keep their places.

Byron took the world by surprise, and made it captive. His oriental romances, fervid and original, full of passion, fascination, and power, not only made the noble author the hero of his times, but gave a tone to public taste itself. This tone was necessarily not of the highest character. Great, almost greatest, as Byron is as a poet, the standard he raised was not the highest. It gave to Moore, for instance, adoration brighter and more transient than he might have won himself under a severer discipline—a remark that may be illustrated by comparison of the works of Byron himself. *Childe Harold* never excited half the furor of the romances—we mean among the crowd—and Rogers, in the midst of competitors more dazzling and alluring, was quite as disproportionately appreciated. We do not mean to place Rogers on a poetic level with Byron, except in some particulars; but we should call the *quality*

of his poetry—quantity is out of the question—higher and more consummate than most of that contemporaneous with it. We think it is quite a mistake to rest his claims upon the *Pleasures of Memory*. That poem represents, indeed, the musical ear, the fastidious taste, and the excellent skill in versification, which were its author's invariable characteristics—and let such have their due weight, they are grave and not too common claims, and if they do not announce the poet's *inspiration*, they certainly constitute the poet's art—but Italy is unmistakably a work of genius; there is the creative faculty, the picturesqueness, the charm, the fascination which never have another origin. It abounds in such exquisite pictures as mentally engrave themselves with a *daguerreotype* more glowing and vivid than the beautiful vignettes which embroider the margin. It is the perfection of animated word painting by a hand equally graceful and artistic, whether on groups or landscape. It is true that no attempt is made at breadth or distance; so much the better. It is unique painting, elaborate and concise; a series of highly finished cabinet pictures and enameled gems, each one rare enough to be set in a sultana's bracelet. In this pictorial power we recognize the hand of the true poet, nor is the painter's science of *chiaro oscuro* wanting. What rustic and joyous grouping! What quaint real life; what dark vistas into impenetrable shadows, such as no other country could perhaps afford in the same shifting and epic variety! Italy is a book Shakspearian in its character, partly on account of its size and picturesqueness, and partly in a *je ne sais quoi*, unless we call it enchantment, which assimilates genius in no way definably alike. We regard Italy in a utilitarian spirit, as the most exquisite of itineraries of the fairest and most historic countries in the world; a handbook—we are becoming superlatively prosaic—of classic ruins, and joyous and sunny landscapes, and ancient way-marks, each with its legend, its tale of glory, patriotism, romance, or love, the noblest virtue and the darkest crimes—all this designed, conceived, and executed in perfect keeping with language that is ever tuneful and ever attuned to its subject; that can be graceful and elegant, or rise to dramatic power, or sink to sportive touches, at all times marked with symmetry and ease, and always true to its construction, which is the old epigrammatic model, the pure type of finished and graceful brevity. We subscribe our belief that Samuel Rogers was a poet, who produced a book that realized its ideal, is eminently beautiful, and has no counterpart in our language.—*London Magazine*.

SELF-EDUCATION.

BY RUFUS USHER.

IN delineating human character, writers have most commonly selected for their heroes those who have figured in some prominent character on the stage of life. Monarchs, princes, nobles, warriors, and heroes in every department of society, whose acts have rendered them famous in the annals of tradition or history, furnish the historian, poet, painter, critic, and caricaturist with their most attractive subjects. Even Shakspeare, that great unfold of the human heart, has given the mighty of the earth a place among his chief actors. True it is, that the passions which are common to all, when brought into action where great interests are at stake, are aroused to a more intense height, and for this reason are supposed to form the best examples for dramatic effect. The demands of the age have, however, in modern times turned the attention of writers to a class of subjects, in which more humble forms of life occupy a larger space. Sources of the deepest interest and of the purest enjoyment are now discovered in the retired walks of life with the same facility as the botanist finds his treasures in the solitary untrodden nooks of creation, or amid the entanglements of bush and brier. On the uncultivated hillock, where the peering sun but occasionally lets in a ray of his glory, do there spring up forms of most unearthly beauty.

It must be admitted that an extensive knowledge of men and things quickens the mental perception; and travels into far lands furnish materials for the observer, which he would not dream of in his native fields or by his own fireside; but Cowper could write vivid descriptions of men and manners, and minutely dissect the beauties of nature without traveling the wide world over, and James Hogg could not understand why people could not write books without so much reading. The great difference between genius provided with all the great requisites of money, books, leisure, and society, added to the great advantage of traveling, and genius left amid the ordinary cares of life to pursue its way alone and unassisted, is, that perpetually passing images of beauty are reflected on the mind of the one from without, while the mind of the other reflects its own perception of loveliness on surrounding objects. The one has spread out before it a feast of rich viands from which it can select those suited to its taste, while the other goes in quest of mental food from every source within its reach. The mind having once acquired the power of thought and perception, can convert all objects,

all periods, and all changes into sources of profound interest. Is there any spot of earth so rugged, so impervious to light and heat, or any climate so inclement or so barren as not to possess interest? If we dig into the depths of earth shut out from all that may delight the eye, wonders upon wonders still follow us into the deep, dark chasm. Every strata of earthly substance through which we pass is big with histories of the past, speaking to us in its sullen silence of periods in the eternity of time to which the date of our mortal race bears but a feeble comparison. Traces are there of forms and life with which the earth and ocean once teemed, which, after ages of duration, were crushed and extinguished by some huge convulsion of the mighty fabric, or changed by new combinations of matter. There come before us proofs of each succeeding order of creation, which, like mountain rising upon mountain in some gorgeous scene, take their places in the universal scheme, ascending from lower to higher, till that summit is attained which now forms the groundwork of this new and interesting theater of life.

The grand educational process of the mind is the exercise of that keen perception or capacity which finds interest every-where and in every thing. This forms the great bulwark of intellectual liberty—its independence of place, time, circumstance, and condition; so that if shut out from the externally beautiful and attractive, the mind can still revel amidst scenes which the imaginative faculty has acquired the power to create. What hedges it where we stray or at what hour, if intent on finding objects of interest? Let us walk abroad even at mid-day, that most unpoetic of hours, when neither the lark's cheerful matin, nor the thrush's vesper hymn, can aid our imagination; when neither the freshness of heaven's new-born light, nor the pensiveness of the dying day can sober or elate the mental vision; yet is there enough at every step, in every sound, in every object, to rivet the attention and engross the understanding.

Walk on observant, busied in the study of nature; watching every motion, marking every object, listening to every sound, and, hark! in the far distance, distant yet as the thunder when it breaks suddenly on the ear portentous of the coming storm—there is a strange, heavy, protracted sound, each moment growing louder and louder, and suddenly appears in the far valley a huge figure rolling swiftly onward with the fleetness of the race-horse, assuming the appearance of a flying car skimming the surface of the earth. O ye! our rude forefathers who rest beneath you

ivied tower, could ye but once arise to witness this ponderous machine rushing through the corn-fields with the voice of thunder, amid clouds of smoke, and armed with fire, would ye believe that your children and your children's children were there, living, and yet flying through the earth, clothed with wings fleetier than the birds of air? No, ye would not, but would carry back to the invisible world tidings of the destroying angel traversing earth in his dreadful chariot of flame. As it rushes on through open fields and now through the wooded dell, how interesting it is to mark its curved course by the volume of white smoke that follows its onward way! We watch its progress till the last trace vanishes in the distance, and the last indistinct murmur dies away, and we find ourselves once more alone with nature; where the withered leaf, moved by the motion of some concealed creeping thing, speaks to the listening ear, and there comes a new charm, as though the curtain had fallen upon some exhausted scene and opened up a new vision of loveliness.

The mind in its mysterious desires never waits for a season, or a favorite hour for the enjoyment of its mental food. It finds abundance in every period of existence at all times, at all hours. The blackest midnight darkness which envelops our couch gives interest enough to our rational powers. We awaken from our earliest slumber, and strangely indescribable is the first sensation we encounter between the state we have just left and that we have approached. The first effort of the mind is a confused, indistinct idea of existence, a feeling of animal life; and then a sudden and full recollection of what we are, and where we are, but in the place of the familiar objects we commonly perceive around us, there reigns an impenetrable darkness. The eyes unclose for the purpose of vision, but their vast faculties of perception are gone. The balls roll sightless in their socket, and vainly wander in search of objects which they are wont to greet on awaking. So useless are the organs of sense without the glorious counterparts of their existence. How strange, how solemn is this temporary destruction of the visual organ, and how it carries us up to the great Creator who pervades alike day and night, and makes both equally subservient to his purposes. Sometimes when the organ of sight is thus unvailled, the first object discerned is a glittering star peering through the casement from the immensity of space. And what on this theater of life among its most impressive wonders so wonderful as this—that the eye should behold an object removed millions of

miles from the planet on which we dwell! Strange that through the whole of that vast vacuum we call space, nothing should intervene to hide from our sight those far-off regions of life and matter. How superior is nature in all her vast displays of grandeur to the efforts of human art! Watch the first symptom of approaching day; the first certainty of increasing light, how gradually it grows upon the sight. Objects familiar to the view close to our bedsides, not yet fully developed, assume appearances curious and fantastic, and with every passing moment adopt new and phantasm shapes; and ever and anon mock our faculties of identity. The opposite house is at first a dark, shapeless mass only, separated from the general gloom by the glimmering light, which, peering above the roof, marks it as a thing having light and proportion; while the trees assume form and lineament by the pervading light which marks their outline and separates one from another. But what a gorgeous panorama it is; still new views expanding on the vision till we find ourselves ushered into the presence of an endless diversity of beautiful and darling images, and the world of to-day becomes the world of yesterday.

O how wisely has nature adapted her ever-changing scenes of day and night, of storm and calm, of heat and cold, and good and ill, to a restless, change-loving being, such as man always was, and is, and ever will be! The mind only expands and ripens by the action of change. There is nothing permanent in its composition—there is no point gained at which it desires to stay—it is ever passing on and leaves behind all that has been. We desire not spring with its budding leaves, and early flowers, and feeling of joyous hope, because we wish that spring should be an abiding time, nor would we wish to make an eternal dwelling in its garlanded bosom. No, it is that winter, with all its snug housed and carpeted enjoyments, have grown too common, too warm, for our fluctuating desires. The cheerful fireside, the evening parties, the concert, the play, the vast stores of literary and amusing knowledge, themselves a vast and unexplored world of variety, have ceased to satisfy the restless monitor within.

Truly nature and man were formed for each other, not only because nature attracts the mind toward itself, not only because the mind is drawn involuntarily to the love and study of the sublime and beautiful, but that both involve in their very existence the elements of perpetual change. The very order of nature and the harmonies which it exhibits are all the result of change. The elements, though severally retaining an ex-

istence, restless and unsettled, are ever changing their form and condition; forming new combinations, and annihilating the mode of their previous existence. What is the history of the planetary system, and doubtless of all other systems, but one of ever-continuous change; huge masses of matter now progressing from order to disorder, and now again from disorder growing into loveliness and perfectibility; perhaps to be again revolutionized and remodeled eternally in the mathematical cycles of their duration! And what is the history of man through the few succeeding centuries over which his biography extends! Not one page is there in the chronicles of his being but tells of change, onward, ever onward change—change in the development of his intellectual and social character—now a groveling, untutored, unclothed animal, now a civilized, cultivated, creative, half-godlike intelligence. Equally big with change is the fate of nations. Babylon, and Tyre, and ancient Greece have shared a fate but common to the world. Nations rise but to fall, and they fall for others to rise on the common ruin. And individual life, what is it from the cradle to the tomb but one perpetual series of change—one perpetual round of physical, moral, and intellectual progression and retrogression!

See that helpless babe whose morbid features scarcely assume the distinctiveness of human individuality, yet in a few weeks only do we witness the rapid growth of its physical frame and of its perceptive powers. It has commenced a journey, during which there is no pause, no cessation. The place and scenery through which we travel to-day will be left behind to-morrow and will never be seen again but by the aid of memory. And O, memory! how dost thou betray us into error! How fondly do we fancy in our recollections of the past, that we travel over the same ground again, where we strayed in early days! True, there is a power in memory to recall facts and images, and to restore to its old localities, but, alas! the pure, unsullied joys of early years, the glorious hopes and promises of a sunny future, and the realization of youthful pleasures can never be recalled in their purity and intensity by the most ardent efforts of the imagination. The mental as well as the physical powers are ever changing, and how can it be otherwise? As the frame emerges from infancy to youth, and from youth to manhood, the mental development which marks each successive stage passes away also, and gives birth to new forms of thought.

We strive perpetually to call from past existence its dearest though faded delights, and we half fancy that old feelings are revived within us,

but in sober reality, that which has been never returns. Was memory a thousand times stronger than it is, we could never a second time realize by-gone feelings, because the constitutional functions which at any period of our lives were the springs of our physical and mental life, have become so changed that they can not again act in the same capacity. Could memory restore to manhood the feelings and experience of youth, it would be reversing the order of nature, which carries every thing onward. Youth would be taking the place of manhood, and manhood the place of boyhood, and life would consequently retrograde from its ordinary course. To see, to know, to feel again what is past, in all its original intensity, would be no less than a subversion of the order of nature. It would be a real palpable miracle. We pass on from scene to scene, happy sometimes as the bee passing from flower to flower, but like that summer-day charmer, we can not from the same flower extract the honey twice. We may pass indeed from scene to scene, enjoying sweet after sweet, and we may pluck full many a fragrant flower, but never, never can we pluck the same a second time. We gather it, enjoy it, and it dies. This is no error of nature. Memory recalls facts, and scenes, and data sufficiently clear for all the practical purposes of life, while the mind, ever new, seeks and finds in every succeeding change of its existence new resources equivalent to its changing desires. To resuscitate any former condition of mind, and to embody in our mental exercises only what we or others have before thought or felt, would be to suspend the faculty for new discoveries, new facts, and new feelings, a tendency not likely to emanate from the laws governing intellectual existence.

A perception of facts and principles pervades all minds, however varying may be the capacity to follow them in detail. The perception of beauty is a faculty as universal as mind itself. The simplest rustic who goes forth to his labor on a summer morning, whether or not his thoughts may be directed to any particular object, is, nevertheless, conscious that a glorious scene surrounds him. The feelings of his physical frame are elated to a high of enjoyment scarcely related to the dull vacuity pervading his existence amid the gloom of a wintry day. The life of living light and beauty has penetrated his inward life and touched it with sensations allied to a higher humanity. He may not with a painter's eye watch the ever-varying hues and tints of a gorgeous eastern sky; nor with a poet's ear drink in the music of the towering lark's matin song; nor may he see embodied in the wide expanse of hill

and dale a perpetual feast for the mental voluptuary. No—the details of these glories may be hidden from his contracted vocabulary of nature's language, but a ray of his divine light penetrates deeply into the mysterious dreamings. From low to high ascends this all-pervading sense of beauty in the outward world. One loves to gaze in rapt devotion on the blue waters of the mighty deep as they stretch onward far as eye can traverse the boundless distance. Another delights to revel in some gorgeous scenery that meets his view from the secluded eminence, and without the attraction of any particular object to drink in at a draught its sublimity as a connected whole. Another loves to gaze on the starry heavens, and amid the still beauty of night contemplate the immensity and mystery of interminable space. Another prefers to seize on some captivating object and watch its wonderful endowments in all the details of its existence. It may be a flower, a bird, an insect, or even a creature belonging to some anterior order of nature, whose being and habits are attested by the very stones on which we tread.

So universal are the objects of interest, that we have only to cast a glance on the expanse of earth and the mind seizes on a motive, and feels a new impulse acting within. If the first object that meets the gaze be but a wall surmounted with a covering of earth, yet is it not devoid of interest. It hems in some hallowed spot of earth where human footsteps are ever pacing to and fro, and shuts in from the public eye the daily walks of domestic life. Where is the cottage, humble though it be, but has been the scene of great events, of intense feeling, of glorious hopes, and of agonizing fears? It may have been the scene of a new-born life, and of ghastly death—it may have witnessed the warring elements of good and evil battling for the mastery—it may have been the play-ground of happy childhood, and the home of innocent beauty. Where is an object but links itself to human sympathies, or calls something back from the far depths of memory? The rough hewn stile that marks the village pathway, may have become indelibly fixed in the memory of human beings. The first vow of earthly love may have been plighted on that rural seat, and that quiet retreat which forms the rendezvous of the village youth, may be stored in many a bosom as a memento of enjoyments long past. There is no desert so barren, no situation so bleak and joyless, but the mind by the laws of association can convert into a paradise, abounding with food for memory, or resources for thought.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

BY PROF. W. G. W. LEWIS.

AS water flowing from the rock is pure, so is Truth. The gurgling fountain gives character to the stream which flows down the mountain side, or through the valley. He who pollutes the fountain-head, poisons the stream. So he who stirs up the sediment in the well where many come to drink, commits a grievous crime. But he who casts into the pellucid springs of Truth the foul sediment of Error and Falsehood, Deceit or Sophistry, commits a more heinous crime than the other. For the rock will purge away the corruption, or the sediment will sink again to the bottom of the well. But when the foulness of Sin is cast into the waters of Truth, it will oftentimes defile its purity for centuries. He who ruins the fountain ruins what is necessary for man's existence. He who corrupts Truth would fain tarnish the brightest gem in the crown of the Almighty.

Pythagoras says that the only way in which a man can approach in resemblance to God, is to do good and love Truth—which Truth is called by Plato the veritable soul of God, as being his very essence. And this noble thought is amply verified by holy writ, which says, in sublime simplicity, "God is Truth;" while the teacher of a higher morality than that of either of the old sages, claims his divinity when he says, "I am the Truth."

There is, then, so much of the divine in Truth, that it is a mark of the possible elevation of humanity, that it seeks after it, and loves it when found. As the noble Sydney said, "He that finds Truth without loving her, is like a bat, which, though it have eyes to discern that there is a sun, hath so evil eyes that it can not behold the sun." It is as nourishing to the soul as water is to the body, and the soul without Truth, wandering in darkness, must suffer the agony of fatal thirst, and die. And as the wild son of the desert longs for the wells, and leaps with delight at the far-off prospect of the green oasis which proves its existence and plentiful supply, so does the honest Christian mind yearn after Truth, and drink with still greater rapture of the wells of salvation.

The happiness of each one of us is secured by a life of virtue. And whatever it may be that promotes the welfare of man as an individual, or as a social being, must be of the most paramount importance to us all. Whoever, therefore, aspires to the office of a moral teacher, either as a writer, or instructor, or by example, uses every means to

stimulate men to the practice of virtue. For, being themselves fit teachers only so far as fitly taught, in their own discipleship they have learned that the real happiness, the *summum bonum* of life, consists in the love for, and the practice of virtue. The *individual* can only expect to receive the waters of Truth when walking by the banks of those little rivulets that flow so quietly along every pathway of real life. As he drinks these waters, and allows them to penetrate his whole moral being, the very element of happiness, which is peace, enters into his soul, and he realizes what Juvenal says: "Virtue is the only true nobility." And then, too, as, after all, these little rivulets flow quietly on, and by and by unite in the great sea of moral life, and social activity, so these individuals, forming as they do, in the aggregate of them, *society*, carry every-where the life, and power, and excellence of Virtue, augmenting largely the general happiness of the race.

Virtue has been defined as "the development, or outward manifestation of the good." It is then an active principle, and, when allowed to work out its proper task, secures the triumphs of Truth. For Goodness and Truth are twinned jewels in the coronal of God. Wherever they flash their light, there grows up the beautiful and lovely flowers of Virtue. Their rays fall upon the lowly, and the splendors of heaven flash from the humble setting, as if there were a power in the very beams to turn the worthless stones of earth into gems more precious than those dug up in eastern vales.

Virtue is like clean water. It will purify the foul garment of vice. And it is willing to do this service to every one, and asks not whether it is Elisha or Naaman who comes to the seven-fold bathing.

Virtue is like fire. It consumes the dross, and leaves the precious. It possesses that remarkable power of separating the clean from the impure, that leaves each to its own place, but rescues the valuable for the good of the race. Or, as the ancient Roman moralist said, it rather, "like fire, seeks to turn all things to itself."

The alchemists of yore sought for a philosopher's stone, which, being touched upon the vilest metal, would transmute it into gold. Virtue lays its hand upon the wood, the hay, and stubble of this world, and by its power shows you the precious ingot of humanity, ready for the society of the immortal. It has the stamp of the true coin, impressed by the hand of God, marking it with its value, genuine and intrinsic.

It is like the eye, that ever grows in extent of

vision as it looks toward heaven; like the soul, that ever increases in peace as it is filled with the enrapturing views of paradise; like the mind, that ever expands as it is filled with the infinite of God, the Eternal Truth.

Virtue is unselfish, profiting by the example of Truth, which lends its light to all who will borrow. When mounting the hill of life, it would rush to aid Ixion or Sisyphus. It is the good Samaritan of life, which never passes by on the other side.

OLD THINGS.

BY IDA LOUISA.

GIVE me the old songs, those exquisite bursts of melody which thrilled the lyres of the inspired poets and minstrels of long ago. Every note has borne on the air a tale of joy and rapture—of *sorrow* and *sadness*! They tell of days gone by, and time hath given them a voice which speaks to us of those who *once* breathed these melodies—of what they *now* are, and what *we soon shall be*. My heart loves those melodies; may they be mine to hear till life shall end, and as I "launch my boat" upon the sea of eternity, may their echoes be wafted to my ear, to cheer me on my passage from the *scenes* of earth and earth-land!

Give me the old paths, where we have wandered and culled the flowers of love and friendship, in the days of "Auld Lang Syne;" *sweeter*, far, the dells whose echoes have answered to our voices; whose turf is not a stranger to our footsteps, and whose rills have in childhood's days reflected back our forms, and those of our merry play-fellows, from whom we have parted, and meet no more in the old nooks we loved so well. May the old paths be watered with Heaven's own dew, and be green forever in my memory!

Give me the old house, upon whose stairs we seem to hear light footsteps, and under whose porch a merry laugh seems to mingle with the winds that whistle through *old* trees, beneath whose branches lie the graves of those who once trod the halls, and made the chambers ring with glee. And O! above all, give me the *old* friends—hearts bound to mine in life's sunshiny hours, and a link so strong that all the storms of earth might not break it asunder—spirits congenial, whose hearts through life have throbbed in unison with our own! O, when death shall still this heart, I would not ask for aught more sacred to hallow my dust, than the tear of an *old friend*. May my funeral dirge be chanted by the old friends I love so fondly, who have not yet passed away to the spirit's bright home!

MOSES, THE SWAN OF THE NILE.

BY H. F. GOULD.

By him who, on the desert mount,
From God received the law,
To hear rehearsed that dread account,
We shrink and chill with awe.
But when his voice in song we hear,
Our bosom warms with love;
It sweetly wins our spirit's ear,
And lures the soul above.

We do from earth mount up with wings,
As eagles, for the hight
To sun us, hovering, while he sings,
Anear the Fount of Light.
With solemn majesty and grace,
In more than regal state,
The prophet stands, with beaming face,
Bright from the Incarnate.

Yet, like the hidden mountain rill—
A nascent flood—began
This wondrous life, the void to fill
From Deity to man!
Of song he was the gifted child
To sound the threefold chord—
Truth, Justice, Mercy, reconciled
Through Israel's promised Lord.

Though Egypt's bloody king assumed
To be himself most high,
And every Hebrew son had doomed
At being's dawn to die;
The pagan's cruel, mad device
For slavery or death,
Dissolved like walls and chains of ice,
Beneath the Almighty's breath.

The servants of a higher King—
Of Pharaoh not afraid
Before his throne their cause to bring—
His higher law obeyed.
And in his little glutined ark
The infant Moses slept,
As holy freedom's vital spark
For Israel safely kept.

That beauteous eygnet of the Nile,
Found floating on its tide,
And caged for Pharaoh's court, the while
His voice held still untried.
They saw his plumage all unstained,
The glory of his eye;
But dreamed not that his breast contained
Sweet songs to sound on high.

Their jeweled chains about his neck
Could not his spirit tame;
The fire within they could not check,
Still heavenward shot its flame.
But, passing up from Egypt's sea,
To his Deliverer there,
His song of thanks and liberty
Waked all the desert air!

It vibrates still the world around,
Where'er his God is known;
It echoes sweet from Zion's ground
To Heaven's eternal throne!

Yet, O! his highest, deathless song,
Was where the Swan must die,
When he had led his flock so long
That Canaan blest his eye!
And loud and clear the grand refrain
To Israel's sorrowing tribes,
That each sad soul might thence retain
The balsam it prescribes.
Then up the mountain hight sublime,
To rend his shroud of clay,
And soar unseen from earth and time,
He sped his lonely way.

When, ne'er to dust were obsequies
So high in state as there
The angel powers performed for his,
And no man knoweth where!
In glory was he freed, to sail
Life's river, and to sing,
With his white wings his face to veil,
Near Israel's God and King.
The Christ—whom Moses dimly saw
In vision, and foretold
Should here for man fulfill the law,
And heaven's pure gates unfold—
When he assumed a mortal birth,
From the bright seraphim,
Once called down Israel's Swan to earth,
To testify of Him!

RESOLUTION.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

O SINKING soul, be strong!
Fear not the fray;
The conflict is not long,
The glory is for aye.
Impatient soul, mourn not
Hope's long delay—
Wait, and the night will turn
At last to perfect day.
O wavering soul, be firm!
Right onward tend;
Trials wait on thy path,
The guerdon at the end.
O stricken soul, look up!
Life's good behold;
No longer to thy breast
The robe of mourning fold;
From every depth of grief
Joy glimmers through;
The storm still rages loud,
But yonder breaks the blue.
O restless soul, be still!
True life is love;
Learn that, and in thy breast
The raven is a dove.
O unbelieving man!
Strive for the goal;
Heaven has a glorious sphere
For every willing soul.
Conflict and patient toil,
And lo! the crown,
Just o'er thy fainting head,
Hangs glittering down.

COUSIN RUTH'S STORY.

BY ALICE CARY.

A PEACEFUL and mossy sort of silence seemed to come up out of the old well by which we sat, Ruth, and Sally, and Merrill, and I, watching the clouds, specked with red, and purple, and white, beautiful as the apple-tree blossoms above our heads. The sun was just down, and the cool shadows going up out of the valleys and along the hill-tops in search of the stars, wrapt us about with a quiet and deep comfort unlike what children are used to be blessed with. The cattle were lying down in the grassy lane, and the stroke of a distant ax, the sound of a closing gate, or the rattle of some home-going wagon, now and then drowned the little homely song of the grass-hopper, and caused Merrill's big black dog to lift his head from between the grizzly paws that were outstretched toward the door-yard gate. But there were no ruder noises to break the silence, none at all, indeed, unless it were the clatter of milk pails, as they were turned down to dry on the stones at the door of some farm-house—the tinkle of the sheep-bells, or the fragmentary song of some light-hearted rustic as he fed his steers, or slipped the halter from the neck of his unbroken colt.

The beauty of the hour and the harmony of the sounds touched me like an inspiration, and I burst out in exclamations of delight. "What a nice place this is!" I said. "I like the old house with its white porch and rows of tall trees in front; I like the barn with its comfortable accommodations for swallows and pigeons, as well as horses and cows; I like the spring with its everlasting generosity—the woods, the orchard—every thing in fact—why, it is just like a picture. Only look across the garden toward the sunset and see the meeting-house with its white steeple showing so plainly against the sky."

"That brown house with the sharp gable is the parsonage," said Sally, "and the young woman just passing the gate is Miss Redfield, the preacher's daughter."

The cottage bonnet was hanging on her neck, and she held before her face an open book, from which she appeared to be reading too intently to observe us. At any rate she did not turn her head even when the breeze took up some loose leaves from her book and carried them almost to our feet.

"She pretends not to see us," whispered Merrill, "because aunt Elenor is sitting on the porch."

"I wish she were the preacher's wife," said I, "and drinking tea with him just now, instead of

sitting on the porch alone and reading her book so solemnly."

My cousins said nothing, and I continued—"Do n't you all wish so? and that Miss Redfield were here under the apple-tree with us?"

Sally ran to catch a butterfly—she was too happy to sit still any longer, she said, and Merrill bounded away, and mounting a pair of stilts that had been all day leaning against the barn-door, hitched himself up and down the door-yard, affecting to have become a man, and telling a little visionary Merrill that if he was a boy and any body said any thing that made him feel bad, he would n't feel bad, because there was n't any thing for a boy to feel bad about—especially a boy that had always loved his aunt Elenor and treated her kindly.

"What made Sally go away?" I inquired, "and why is Merrill talking to himself instead of us?"

"O I do n't know," replied Ruth, "I suppose Sally likes butterflies, and Merrill his own company." She broke a twig from the lilac bush that grew close by, as she spoke, and plowing furrows with it through the ant-hill at her feet sent the little people wildly away from their city of dust. I thought I saw a shadow meanwhile, deeper than the twilight made, dimming the eyes of my sweet cousin, and drawing her close to me and looking straight at her ingenuous face I said, "What is it, dear Ruth?"

"What is what?" she said, the bright red mounting from her neck and cheeks to the forehead she turned from me.

"What is it makes you look down and blush so? that is all."

She passed her hand across her face, and turning toward the porch where aunt Elenor sat reading the Bible, the color went away, and a serene beauty that was brighter and better came in its place, and gathering up both my hands in hers she said with sudden energy, "It's an ugly thing to tell a lie, and I have just told one—Sally and Merrill did not run away because they were happy." Then in answer to my look of surprise and inquiry she continued: I will tell you all about it.

You know our dear mamma was, before her death, an invalid for a long while, scarcely coming out of her chamber from one week's end to another, and when she did so was quite incapable of restraining us with our strong health and robust spirits. Indeed, she paid little heed to us for the last year of her life except sometimes to threaten us with a governess if we were not better children—this was a dreadful fear before us;

for these threats, together with the reports of other children who were being taught at home, led us to believe all governesses to be ogresses, with black, frowning foreheads, and rods in their hands. Many a time we planned the rebellious pranks we would play if the threatened catastrophe should ever befall us.

Our father was from home all day, very often not returning at night till we were in bed—of the domestics we stood in little awe; so, for the most part, we had the widest liberty we could desire, racing the meadows, quite regardless of the admonition that the steers would catch us on their horns and toss us up to the sky. We climbed saplings, chased bumble-bees, tied the wings of the geese together, yoked the turkeys, rode the gray mare over the hills, and made her leap the brooks with all three of us on her back to our heart's content. Furthermore, we navigated the waters of the creek on planks, and sometimes went beyond our own premises for nuts, berries, and wild grapes, tearing frocks and hats with no more compunction than as if we were putting them to their most legitimate use. But the darkest shadow we had ever seen crossed us in our wild romping life. One day of the autumn I was twelve years old, when the maple you see on the hill-side yonder was lighting the dim woods with its golden dress, they made a grave under it, and for a time its silence hushed our noisy mirth more effectually than the living voice of our mother had done.

Youth is careless, however, and we grow out of our sorrows as we grow out of our dresses, and at the end of six months, in spite of the many excellent lessons Mr. Redfield, our minister, had given us, the exuberance of our natures sprouted wildly out again—we shied away from the maple-tree and passed stealthily before the close-shut door of the chamber that used to be our mother's; but when we had the orchard, or the barn, or a hill-top between us and these subduing mementoes, we shouted and romped like the wild, ungoverned rustics we were.

You see the red chimney of the old house away to the north—well, there is where Mr. Redfield used to live, and one day when we were passing near the house—for we took pleasure in going where we had no business—we saw him reading his book on the porch. There was a tree of ripe apples just down the hill and out of sight from where he sat, and we had our pockets full of the fruit we had been stealing.

He called to us in tones of the utmost kindness, and thinking we should betray our guilt if we affected not to hear him, we slyly dropped our

apples in the grass, and with faces that we meant should look very bold and honest, marched directly up to him, expecting to be accused of theft, and ready to turn our pockets inside out if we were.

When, instead of the frown we expected, he smiled and, one by one, took us by the hand, coming down to our little pleasures and asking about them as if he were a boy, our cheeks tingled and we hung down our heads in spite of ourselves. He took us about the yard, showing whatever would be likely to interest us, and finally took the Indian bow from Merrill's hand, and to show what an expert marksman he had been in his youth aimed an arrow at the barn-door, which he missed by twice its width. This little exploit put us completely at our ease and won our admiration. For my part I half wished he would accuse me of having stolen the apples, that I might confess it and take home with me his forgiveness, instead of having in my bosom the ugly secret I had there; but no reproof could have been so humiliating as was his confidence in our innocence—his trust in our truthfulness and seeming admiration of us. I suspect now that he had his own motive, and that he knew right well we had been stealing apples.

When we were going home he put on his hat and said he would go a little way with us, and to our surprise and most thorough mortification he led us straight to the apple-tree and told us to fill our pockets and our hands, and to come another time and bring with us a basket.

We never stole apples after that, but our complete reformation was not effected without committing other and more bitter offenses.

When we were sent to school we complained that the master did not teach us any thing, and that he was very cross and cruel into the bargain. We loitered on the way to the school-house—pouted, and played, and otherwise misspent our time when there, and thus brought upon ourselves the doom which, of all things, we dreaded most—a governess was procured for us. We had long before settled it in our minds that she would be old and homely, and cross as she could be; that we would not like her, and would not be taught by her; and when she came we pretended to each other that our expectations were all realized. We had one difficulty to compete with, however, that we had not foreseen—it was easy to slight, and tease, and trouble her just as we had planned to do; but after all we could not keep her from loving us. We had been so neglected, poor children, she said, it was no wonder we chafed at the decent restraints and sober ways she was

obliged to enforce, but after a while we would learn that the liberty to do wrong was no liberty at all, and that for right-doing we had all the freedom we wanted.

The sweet, patient smile was always on her face, do what we would to vex her; and her gentle voice never rose any higher for all our disobedience. Mischief was natural to children, she used to say, and necessary to strengthen the patience of their guardians.

She might, perhaps, have won our hearts by her much kindness and love, but for one circumstance.

About six months after her installment at our house, suddenly came home to live with her father in the new parsonage, and superintend the house, Miss Mary Redfield. We had never seen her till then, for she had been at a boarding school since her mother's death, which was seven or eight years before, and longer than her father had been among us.

She was fifteen years old, and I was thirteen when she came, and partly that we were the nearest neighbors and partly that she was as much of a child as myself, we soon became most intimate friends.

She had some showy beauty, dressed gayly, was overflowing with coarse spirits, and in the presence of her elders and superiors talked a great deal too loud and too much. Our governess she disdained to designate by her proper name, employing instead such epithets as "her ladyship," and "her royal highness." In speaking of her father she was in the habit of saying "the doctor," "his reverence," and the like—not so much to cast opprobrium upon him as to assert her own rollicking independence. She insisted that we should call her "Moll," and appropriate her dresses and bonnets to our use and convenience at pleasure, claiming, meanwhile, the same liberty with our personal effects. Indeed, she generally preferred Merrill's hat to her own; and if there were the slightest excuse for it in cloud or damp she was sure to avail herself of his boots, and that she made ostentatious display of them you may be sure. A bold, dashing, saucy girl, in fact, was Mary Redfield two years ago. She is changed now for the better, and so are we all I hope.

She gathered my hair up off my neck and fastened it at the back of my head in womanly style, using one of her own expensive combs for the purpose, clasped one of her gold bracelets on my wrist, and adorned my neck with my own best shoestrings, having attached thereto her second best silver pencil. Moreover, she strengthened my faltering courage back to its old stub-

borness and disobedience. I was big enough to be my own mistress, she said; it was bad enough for Merrill and Sally to be dictated to by an old governess, let alone me, who of right was mistress, not only of myself, but of the entire household.

So precocious a young lady was not long in discovering what had escaped our observation, namely, that Miss Parsons—aunt Elenor, as we call her now—cherished a warm regard for her father, and that it was reciprocated on his part. When this fact was communicated we all held a council together as to what we should do about it, for we felt that some immediate and decisive action was demanded of us, but could resolve upon nothing better than to redouble our customary annoyances.

Molly engaged to hide her father's white neckcloth the following Sunday and oblige him to preach in a black one, which we all agreed would be serving him right. Merrill was to whistle "High Betty Martin" under the pulpit window, and we girls were all to wear red flowers in our hats in imitation of Miss Parsons, and let her see that we knew she tried to make herself look young and pretty.

I am glad to say we never executed these ridiculous designs; but we did many other things that we are all sorry for now.

Every day Miss Parsons wiped something from her desk, and every day we informed her that we knew nothing about it, but at night we met Molly in the lane and confessed the truth, and tried to believe it was a funny joke. Oftener and oftener Mr. Redfield made his evening walk in the direction of our house, and oftener and oftener Miss Parsons would be standing at the gate, and for half an hour they would converse together, and at the end of it Miss Parsons would return to the house very thoughtfully and slowly—sometimes having in her hand a book, sometimes a rose, and at other times only a sprig of myrtle or a leaf; but no matter what it was she brought, it was sure to be hidden so carefully away that we could never find it with all the ransacking we did.

Now and then Miss Parsons would go into the lane and walk on its soft short grass of an evening, and in the walk she was sure to be joined by Mr. Redfield, and they would go away toward the old mill, where there was nothing that could interest them, we said, but one another.

Sometimes Mr. Redfield would come over with Molly an hour before sunset, looking very smart and smiling, upon which occasions he was in the habit of saying he had brought his daughter to sup with the young people; but we understood

very well that it was quite as much for his own pleasure that he was come.

It was a hard life poor aunt Elenor had, I am sure, for she was not only governess, but a patient and provident mother to us all. We would not acknowledge her goodness, however, and her evening walks with Mr. Redfield we felt to be injuries, almost insults to ourselves. Our father did not pay her, we used to say wickedly, to talk with Mr. Redfield, nor to make fanciful caps to cover her gray hair.

She had been with us a year when my father invited some friends to sup with him in honor of my birthday. Sally and I were to appear in new dresses—I in a long one. Merrill had a new coat, and Molly proposed to wear a velvet train. Miss Parsons suggested a simpler dress—she knew it would neither suit the occasion nor the wearer, but she only said, "Won't you oblige us, my dear, by wearing the pink dress that you look so pretty in? Your grand train would really put us all to shame."

Molly elevated her eyebrows and replied scornfully, that if she dressed as gayly as some folks did, she would not say any thing about what other folks did.

Aunt Elenor had a new black silk gown made specially for the occasion, and a little cap that was bright and sweet as a June rose. She said, as some excuse for having bought them, and to conceal her real object, that she must try to look smart enough to keep us young people from being ashamed of her. The party was to be made up of our neighbors, and Mr. Redfield among them, of course.

It was the day previous to the *gala* night that the suggestion I have mentioned was made to Molly, and consequently she was most unamiable when she came in for her customary evening visit. She threw her bonnet and gloves on the floor, and dashing up stairs toward the school-room called us to follow, exclaiming, as she slammed the door behind us all, "I was determined to find some place out of hearing of *her majesty*, and relieve my mind. I suppose she has gone out to walk for her *health*, and without any expectation of meeting his honorable reverence! She need not pretend to me, she need n't, that she bought that new cap and dress to keep us young folks from being ashamed of her. She wants to get a husband, she does, and that's what she's got them for!"

We all said yes, it was plain that was what she had got them for.

"She need not try to make herself look young; she is thirty-five years old at the least."

It was no use, we all said, she was thirty-five at least.

"If ever she hears me calling her mother," continued Molly, "it will do her good—if my father's blind that's no reason I should be so—and I will never call her any thing but just what she is, and that's a poor old maid."

We all agreed that she was, and of right ought to be called a poor old maid.

"I should not wonder if her relations were not worth any thing except the clothes on their backs!" cried Molly.

No, none of us would wonder if her relations were not worth any thing except the clothes on their backs.

"She could not afford that dress and cap if the truth was known, and I'll dare say her old father, who is perhaps digging ditches somewhere, ought to have had the money they cost!"

And we all joined Molly in thinking that the old father, who was doubtless digging ditches somewhere, ought to have had the money the cap and dress cost.

"I suppose she expects to preside at the table to-morrow evening and dispense the tea, and the more fool you, Miss Ruth, if you allow her—you should take your place as mistress to-morrow night, and she ought to eat at the side-table, and when grace is said she ought to bow her head a good deal lower than the rest of us, to show that she is humbler, and she ought to wear her old dress and cap, which are good enough for a governess."

We all thought exactly as Molly did, that she ought to sit at the side-table, wear her old dress and cap, and bow her head very low during the grace.

"But let her wear her gay things if she wants to—they won't help her to be Mrs. Redfield, I can tell her. My father will never get a wife I do n't like—he told me so this very day, and if old Miss Parsons ever catches me calling her mother she'll know it. Where is she?" Molly went on almost out of breath, "I have not seen her for a single evening the last week—suppose she has gone regularly to walk for her health."

We all supposed the same thing.

Molly clapped her hands and said she had thought of the best thing that ever was—we would all call her "aunt Elenor" the next night, and make her feel old and divided from the rest of us; for by such condescension to her humility and poverty we should remind her of them most bitterly and effectually. "Aunt Elenor!" What an unexceptionable reminder of her true position it would be!

A sigh so heavy and deep that it seemed as if the last hope went out in it startled us. The moon that had been under a black cloud now broke out in the glory of perfect fullness, and there, sitting with her bowed head on her hand, as white and apparently as cold as the moonlight fading about her, was aunt Elenor.

We sat breathless, and, I think, for a moment would have been glad if the roof had fallen and hidden us out of sight.

"Let us run away as fast as we can," whispered Molly, trembling with fright and shame.

"No, my children," said aunt Elenor, speaking in her sweetly authoritative voice, "come close to me, I have something to tell you."

We hesitated, and she went on. "I shall not scold you, my dears—it is all true that you have been saying, or nearly all—only for the last week I have not gone out to meet Mr. Redfield once—I have been here at work every night making something that I thought would please you," and she unfolded three new aprons that she had embroidered for us to wear the next evening.

There was a choking in my throat when I saw what she had been doing for us, and without speaking I went forward and laid my head on her knees. Her hand was like ice as it softly stroked my cheek, and her tone trembled a little as she went on to say that her relatives were all poor as we suspected, and that if she had done right she would have divided among them the money she had been spending for her new things. When she said this Mary crept up to her feet, and, hiding her face in her hands, began to sob aloud. "It is also true," said aunt Elenor, "that I have been foolish enough and vain enough to wish to make myself appear well in the eyes of Mr. Redfield;" but she was wiser now, she said, and would try never to think of him any more save as he was—a great deal above herself, and a great deal better than herself.

She had not designed to overhear our little confidences, she said, but she could not get strength to speak or to move, and that was why she sat still. She had always hoped to make us love her as she loved us, but she saw now how impossible it was, and she must give it up—she had given up dear hopes before, and must learn to give up this.

No she must not give it up, we all said; we would love her—we did love her then.

She shook her head sadly, and after a moment went on—"No, no, it is just as if I had been outside of myself, and seen myself with clear and disinterested eyes, and no temporary feeling on my part, or on yours, must be suffered to hide out

of my sight the hard bare truth." She locked her hands together as if she were locking within them some great resolution, and as she did so we all noticed a new ring upon her finger that had never been there before.

She saw it, too, and slipping it from her own hand put it on Mary's, saying not a word; but I felt, as I leaned upon her, that she trembled from head to foot.

All that night we seemed to see her, pale and frozen, sitting by the bedside where we slept, or, rather, where we lay, for we scarcely slept at all. Long after the midnight clock had struck we could see the light shining under her door, and slipping out of bed we approached it softly and listened. What we heard made us cry more bitterly than we had ever cried in our lives. In her prayer aunt Elenor was asking God's blessing upon us all—she asked nothing for herself.

When we awoke in the morning she was sitting by our bedside sure enough, wearing her plain gray dress and bonnet, and waiting to kiss us before she went away.

Then it was that we felt most bitterly how bad we were and how good she had been; even Molly said she loved her and besought her not to go away.

At length she yielded to our entreaties so far as to consent to remaining for a while, provided we would keep our promise and call her aunt Elenor, so that she should never again forget her duty to us, or vainly nurse too ambitious hopes.

To this we agreed, for we would have promised any thing, just then, she might have asked of us.

Molly wore her pink dress in the evening and the new apron which aunt Elenor had embroidered for her, but her spirits were so subdued and gentle that every one was inquiring whether she were ill. Sally and I thought we looked very pretty in our new things, but we all kept apart from the guests, and played with Merrill's great dog in the door-yard till it was supper-time.

The house was gayly lighted, and there was music, but somehow it seemed as if the merriment were not genuine after all.

Every body smiled when we appeared, and said it was a happy occasion—aunt Elenor smiled, too, and said it was a happy occasion, but we knew that the smile was only on her lips, and that it was very dark in her heart where its light should have been kindled.

None of us dare lift our eyes to her for a good while, and when we did what was our surprise, our almost dismay, to see that she wore neither the new dress nor cap—her hair was combed as plainly as it could be, and no attempt whatever

made to disguise the gray threads, and the old black dress looked plainer than its wont, for the little ornaments she was used to wear had been studiously laid aside. You may be sure we bowed our heads too low when the grace was said to be aware of what aunt Elenor did. Once during the evening as I chanced to pass along the veranda, I saw her standing in the recess of the window and Mr. Redfield beside her. The curtain fell partly between them and the lights, but I could see that both looked very sad, and that reproach was mixed with the sadness in Mr. Redfield's face, as, taking her hand, he singled the ringless finger from the rest. Since that night he has never been at our house, and never walked in the lane of evenings as he used to do, and aunt Elenor has never walked there either. She sits on the porch instead, and reads her Bible as you see her now, and the bright little cap and the pretty dress are lying in the drawer where they were put away, that always-to-be-remembered and regretted night.

O it is a fearful thing to feel that for any thing of our doing the happiness of a single human being is any less! And hiding her face on my lap poor Ruth cried till after the evening shadows had made aunt Elenor close the book she read, and brought Sally and Merrill back to pick the apple blossoms from among her hair and inquire what the matter was.

While Merrill was relating some exploit to Sally, chiefly with intent to elevate the spirits of Ruth, and she feeling the kindness was beginning to smile faintly, I stole away to the parsonage, carrying with me the leaves which Mary had lost from her book as she went along. Mr. Redfield received me with a kindness so cheerful and serene that the fluttering timidity natural to youth and inexperience fled away, and my courage grew equal to the work I had to do.

The light was just at that uncertain state when it is neither night nor day, else I think my face must have betrayed me as I began by presenting the leaves which had blown from Mary's book into my lap. "It was a happy accident," I said, "for they have made me acquainted with a curious and interesting story—shall I repeat it?"

Mr. Redfield assented with as much indifference as his goodness would permit him to feel, and glancing at the pages as if to locate my memory I related the substance of the story Ruth had just confided to me, changing nothing but places and names.

His interest was all enlisted before I was half through, and at the conclusion of the story he arose, and tucking Mary under one arm and my-

self under the other, walked straight down the lane with us, and having dropped us beside the well, where my cousins were still sitting, went directly to the porch where, with the big Bible on her lap, aunt Elenor sat musing alone. The moon came up and shone upon us through the apple-tree leaves and flowers like a great warm smile, and we could see by its light that aunt Elenor had three hands in her lap in place of two.

It was a long while before we tired of sitting under the apple-tree, and a long while after that before we tired of romping in the moonshiny dooryard with Merrill's great dog, and such laughing and shouting had not been heard about the old house for many a day as we made—all unproved. At last, wearied out, we went to bed, smothering our glee, as Merrill told us when we passed the porch where aunt Elenor and Mr. Redfield still sat, that both of them only made one shadow!

My story may as well close here, for the reader guesses well enough how my cousin Ruth's next birthday is to be celebrated, and that aunt Elenor's bright little cap and stylish silk dress have already been taken from the prison drawer.

INDIFFERENCE.

BY HELEN BRUCE.

I CAN not bear thy life along;
Ask no support of me;
Thou sayest truly, I am strong;
But not to succor thee.

If to the crumbling edge of life
Thou canst not fix thy grasp,
Presume not that my hand shall be
Outstretched for thee to clasp.

And if the caravan of life
Hath left thee all alone,
To die upon the desert's sands,
Make not to me thy moan.

If thou art bleeding deathfully,
And dying in despair,
Turn not thy failing eyes on me;
Bleed on—I do not care.

Thou art not of my kith or kin;
Thou hast no power—no name;
No kindness I might do to thee
Would add unto my fame.

Then let me on my regal way
In strength and grandeur pass;
Mote! wherefore shouldst thou hinder me,
Small unit of the mass?

I can not bear thy life along;
There's leftier work for me;
Thou sayest truly, I am strong,
But not to succor thee.

RAIN-DROPS.

BY ANNIE E. HOWE.

O THERE is soothing melody
 In the gentle drops of rain,
 As they softly patter o'er the roof,
 Or 'gainst the window pane;
 When trickling with a pleasant sound
 Adown the sloping eaves,
 Or dropping in their tired descent
 Upon the withered leaves.
 Unlike the night-wind's sighing,
 Unlike the zephyr's strain,
 Yet they have a soothing melody—
 The gentle drops of rain.

I love at night to listen,
 When I've laid me down to sleep,
 To the low and plaintive murmur
 The falling rain-drops keep.
 However wild the feelings
 In my spirit wrought by day,
 The music of their melodies
 Soon soothes them all away,
 And sweet and pure emotions
 Come crowding back again,
 As I listen to the falling
 Of the gentle drops of rain.

Then I weave the brightest fancies
 And call their pattering sweet,
 On the roof so softly sounding
 Like the fall of angels' feet
 When at their Father's bidding
 They leave their home of light,
 And coming down they watch us
 Through all the silent night.
 And the low and gentle murmur
 The falling rain-drops keep,
 Are the evening songs they sing us
 While hushing us to sleep.
 And the dashing of the bright drops
 Against the window glass,
 Is the rustling of their golden wings
 As back and forth they pass.

These are the sweet imaginings,
 Thus the fancies bright,
 That come with the pleasant sound
 Of rain-drops in the night.

MY EARLY FRIEND AND I.

BY H. E. BENEDICT.

We played among the trees and flowers,
 My early friend and I,
 'Mid soft spring winds, and sun, and showers,
 Where streamlets babbled by,
 And violets, in the April hours,
 Looked upward to the sky.

We knew where, hid from careless sight,
 The fairest wild-flowers grew,
 And lifted to the softened light
 Their offerings of dew,
 Or closed, at whisper of the night,
 Their eyes of starry blue.

We never dreamed of woe or care,
 My early friend and I—

O sweetest memory, glad and fair,
 Of those sweet days gone by!
 With pale, pure brow and sunny hair,
 And deep and dreamy eye.

We climbed gray rocks and wood-crowned hills,
 We mused at eve alone,
 And murmuring winds and singing rills
 Bore music in their tone;
 And in each heart awoke a thrill—
 A joy till then unknown.

Ah! now no more we watch the flowers,
 My early friend and I,
 'Mid April winds or summer showers,
 And streamlets babbling by;
 Yet faith, at thought of these sweet hours,
 Looks upward to the sky.

O silent city of the dead,
 Where early roses bloom,
 The sunshine o'er a fair young head
 Doth sweetest flowers illumine;
 Where breezes sigh and dews are shed
 Around the maiden's tomb!

Up to the regal brow of night,
 I gaze through falling tears;
 I know she wears a crown more bright
 Than all those glorious spheres;
 Yet parted from my path the light
 That blessed my early years.

And when my earthly days are o'er,
 Their joys and griefs gone by,
 O may we meet to part no more—
 To know no tear or sigh;
 To tread for aye that blissful shore,
 My early friend and I!

REQUIEM.

BY MARY A. DEFOREST.

In the far-away west bloomed a flower of the prairie,
 All peerless and bright in its lovely array;
 But the angel of death, like wild bird from its eyrie,
 Came, crushing the wealth of its beauty for aye.
 Now broken and faded—its glory all perished—
 Fast wither its leaves in their chilly retreat;
 Alas! for the hopes its rare promise had cherished,
 Never more the sweet flow'ret our vision shall greet.

In the land of the blest blooms our rose of the prairie,
 More glorious than dreamings of earth ever knew;
 For the angel of life saw it drooping and weary,
 And kissed it away to the world of the true.
 Now, crowned with rich beauty, forever and ever,
 The fragrance of heaven it yieldeth alway;
 From the love that embraces, no rude blow shall sever,
 And the smile of the blessed beams on it all day.

Farewell—farewell to thee! child of the prairie,
 Thou answerest not to our plaintive refrain;
 When the dear ones forsake us, this earth seemeth dreary,
 For the voices we loved we shall ne'er hear again.
 List! sisters, sweet sisters—O haste ye up hither,
 Where the angel of death in his wrath can not come,
 To the land of the blest, where the roses ne'er wither,
 And the child of the prairie will welcome ye home.

A MISTAKE.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

CHAPTER I.

"I WISH I was dead!"

The person who uttered this rather questionable wish, was a young and handsome woman. She sat on a low, cushioned stool, in the recess of a French window, which overlooked one of the finest squares of the city.

There was nothing in the pleasant room, or its rather luxurious furniture, to inspire such a wish, and yet it was uttered with an unaffected sincerity. There was a carelessness in her attire, a negligence in the arrangement of her abundant hair, that would have been quickly noticed in a woman of fewer personal charms, but which only served in her case to indicate some great sorrow.

An orphan from her infancy, she remembered nothing of the yearning maternal love that had watched over the first few months of her life, or of the blessing so long ago whispered by the lips of her dying father. She only knew that they were young and lovely, that they had garnered her in their affections as their most precious treasure, and that the "pestilence that walketh in darkness," the fearful cholera, which had desolated so many household hearths, had in one brief day left her fatherless and motherless.

Still her infancy and youth had passed happily by, under the care of an indulgent, but wise guardian, and with her constant attendant Kathleen, who had been her mother's favorite servant, and whose love for the orphan child could scarcely have been greater if it had really been her own.

"O me! I wish I was dead!"

She had been thinking of her early orphanhood, and then of her first meeting with him who for five years had been her husband. The first happy years of her wedded life shone out vividly upon the page of her memory, and she recalled, one by one, all the dear associations of that happy time, ere she permitted herself to review the late miserable months which had darkly overshadowed all.

"O, don't go for to saying such dreadful things o' yerself, Miss Bertha, dear," said Kathleen, who had entered in time to hear her exclamation.

"It is only the truth, Kathleen."

"It's likely. But it has a sound o' wickedness for all that. Cheer up. It's brighter days are in store for ye, now that the masther is coomin'."

"I can not see him. I'd rather die."

"No, no! His coomin' home will soon explain all things to yer likin'. Ye mind betther nor me how

sad he was at the laving home, an' how joyfully he spake o' the time o' coomin' back. O, thin little did he or any one else think what a weary time it would be! But it has inded at last, and thanks be to God, for your sake, mavourneen!"

"O, Kathleen, how can you speak as if he were coming to a home unchanged! Look at me." She pushed up her sleeve, and held up her arm, still beautiful in its transparent delicacy, but fearfully thin. "It is his work, Kathleen."

"No, no! It's a mistake altogether. He loved ye too well to harm a hair o' yer head. Ye were the core o' his heart, a cushla, and niver a change will ye find in him at all. God bless him! The kind young masther he was!"

Many a time had Kathleen endeavored to inspire her young mistress with the hope that animated her own breast, that "the coomin' o' the masther would put all right, for shure," but always in vain. The cause of Bertha's sorrow was a secret closely locked in her own breast, and all the entreaties of her faithful nurse had failed to secure her confidence in regard to it.

"It's he that will fret o'er yer pale cheeks where he left the roses a blooming, an' it's many a heart ache he'll have, an' ye gethin' thinner and paler under his own eyes."

"I am not afraid of his grief for me hurting him. There is no danger of his breaking his heart on my account. Hark! Is not that the clock? It is half-past nine, and the cars will be in at ten."

"But ye will change yer dress, to be sure? It's paler than a ghost ye are in that white wrapper."

"No. What does it matter?"

"At the least, darlin', let ould Katty dress yer hair."

"Well, hurry then."

She sat silently musing while Kathleen took down and smoothed the heavy shining bands, apparently unheeding her employment. When her hair was dressed, and Kathleen, catching a glimpse through the window of a familiar form rapidly approaching the house, hastily left the room, she still sat motionless, absorbed in an unpleasant reverie. Even the manly step upon the stairs, so long ago familiar to her ear, and welcome as music to her heart, failed to rouse her; and so she sat still, her small white hands clasped over her knee, while her long-absent husband paused at the open door for the greeting that should have welcomed his return.

He had been absent three years, transacting business in Europe for the mercantile firm of which he was the junior partner. He was a tall, stout-built man of thirty years; not handsome, perhaps,

but with an open, intellectual countenance that was a true index of the nobility of his character. Three years of absence! They had seemed long in passing, but as he stood in the familiar room, and noted the well-known arrangement of every thing in it, it seemed but yesterday that he had so reluctantly left home for his long voyage.

The two first happy years of his married life had been spent here; he thought of the two next, scarcely less happy in their flight, because of the unreserved and affectionate correspondence by letter with his wife, and the hope, so often disappointed, of being able to return home; and then he thought of the last year, during which he had only heard from her through the kindness of a friend.

When his letters to her first remained unanswered, he had attributed her silence to illness, and he wrote in his alarm to an old college friend, who resided in the same neighborhood. In due time came the answer, but it changed his anxiety to astonishment and indignation, for it represented Bertha as being quite well, and a leader in gay society.

"Now, George," wrote his friend in conclusion, "don't fret about this whim of your pretty wife. You could not expect her to always live like a hermit, you know. Her appearance produces more effect than the 'coming out' of any young miss of the season, and people—not *overwise*—are continually wondering how she has contented herself to keep such rare beauty as hers in seclusion. She adorns her new station well, and the beautiful Mrs. Linton is the acknowledged star of the season."

George Linton crushed the letter in his hand, and did not write again either to his friend or his wife for many months. His business had prospered so that it might be safely left in the hands of an agent; but he felt no disposition to leave Europe till another letter from his friend, by re-awakening his anxiety for the health of his wife, inspired also an unendurable longing for home.

"There is a mystery about Mrs. Linton," wrote his friend, "that I can not fathom. She disappeared from society as suddenly as she had entered it, and has been spending a couple of months in the country with your aunt. I saw her yesterday for the first time since her return. She came into the library to choose a book. I was struck with her pale and fragile look. There was a settled sadness in the expression of her face when in repose, that excited my pity, much as I was disposed to blame her for your sake. As in duty bound, I asked for the latest accounts of yourself. A slight color tinged her cheek, but was gone in

a moment, and she replied coldly, that her last letter from you had represented you as being well and happy. I knew how long ago that 'last' letter was written, and that it had never been answered, and I pitied her in spite of her haughty manner. I can't advise you, my dear fellow, but don't you think you had better come home, if only for a visit?"

On his arrival at New York, George had written a brief note to his wife, announcing his arrival, and his intention of being at home as soon as practicable. As he rapidly journeyed toward his native city, many bitter thoughts were involuntarily suggested to his mind. What had he done that he should creep, like an unwelcome stranger, to his own fireside? But when he stood at last in the open door, and his quick attentive eye had noted the changes in his wife's appearance, that had been described by his friend, every trace of displeasure vanished from his thoughts, and pity and wonder succeeded.

"Bertha!"

She started. It was the old loving tone for which she had so yearned. For a moment her eyes sparkled, she sprung from her seat with the old impulse to fly to his arms, but she stopped suddenly, and while her cheek again paled, she folded her arms tightly across her beating heart and sank again into her seat.

"You are ill, Bertha," he said, anxiously approaching her, forgetting, in his anxiety, the doubtful character of his reception. "Let me ring the bell for Kathleen."

"No. I am not ill."

She soon recovered her composure—the cold, haughty composure that seemed so unnatural to her; and though her cheek and lips remained colorless as marble, there was no tremor in her voice, as she congratulated him upon his safe return—commonplace words, such as she might have used in speaking to any stranger.

"Was the sea voyage pleasant?"

"Not particularly so. You will remember that the weather has been stormy here. We were twice in extreme danger of shipwreck."

She rose quickly to hide the emotion that the idea of his peril awakened, and going to a table returned to her seat with her work-box in her hand. He watched her as she bent her head over the work that she took from it. Pity and the old love still controlled his rising displeasure at her coldness.

"This box has been carefully used, Bertha, if it is the keepsake I bought for you six years ago."

There was some association with the box that

had once been a pleasant one, and he remembered that she used laughingly to say that no work of hers prospered with any other tools than those the box afforded.

"It is not the same," she replied. "This was the gift of your aunt Mercy."

"And the old one?"

"Is somewhere about the house, I dare say."

She did not tell him that the box, with the rings that he missed from her fingers, the gold watch, and the miniature-likeness of himself, with many other gifts of his, were stored away in a closet opening from her chamber, to which no one had access but herself.

"I should like the old box, Bertha, if it has become valueless to you."

"I will tell Kathleen to look it up and put it in your room."

"And the new piano that we selected just before I left home. I remember that you wrote of the wonderful improvement you made in playing, though I am sure nothing could be more delightful than the old songs. Do you play much?"

"I have n't opened the piano," she answered in a hesitating manner, "for a year."

He looked surprised.

"A year! Does not the piano please you?"

"No. Yes," she answered, hastily correcting herself, "the piano is well enough. It has been greatly admired. But I do n't like music."

"I am sorry. I used to think when I remembered the pieces that had so charmed me here, and when I read your accounts of the progress you were making in your practice of music, what a pleasure was in store for me if I ever got home again."

He sighed deeply as he spoke, for again the injustice of his position at home rose in contrast with what he had once hoped it might be, and a stern look, once quite foreign to his features, but now become rather habitual, passed over his face. But one glance at the pale face, so changed from the rosy, merry one that he remembered so well, prevented the expression of the indignant thoughts already trembling on his lips.

Determined, if possible, to find some clew to the mystery, he asked all the usual questions of a returned wanderer. Gradually the conversation became less restrained, and once, when he was describing a rather comic adventure amid the romantic Alpine scenery of Switzerland, her eyes met his with the old fond look, and a merry smile played for a moment around her lips. His face brightened perceptibly.

"I shall soon regain her confidence and affection," he thought, "and then the mystery will be

solved. Poor, altered Bertha! How much she has suffered!"

CHAPTER II.

George Linton was doomed to disappointment in all his efforts to understand the cause of the alteration in his wife. Any approach to the subject in his conversation with her only served to increase the coldness and distance between them, and the fear of aggravating her ill health prevented his urging the matter.

Still he tried, by attention to her wishes, and by his evident solicitude for her happiness, to win back her lost trust in him. But day after day, and week after week passed by, and, excepting a gradual improvement in her health, there was no change in her.

At last he became discouraged. He began to think it unmanly to spend all his time in vain attempts to win back a love and confidence that were his by right, and which he had never abused. There were many paths of usefulness open before him; active, honorable men were needed in public life, and a fine opportunity to distinguish himself was offered him. If he could never be happy, might he not be useful? The foreign agent of the firm had resigned his trust, and it was necessary that some one should again visit Paris in their behalf. A permanent residence there might be necessary, and there seemed no reason why the senior partners should be separated from their families, when his own absence would not be felt. He sat alone, revolving such gloomy thoughts in his mind, one fine morning, when his wife had gone to ride. At last a sudden idea seemed to strike him favorably, and he rung the bell to summon Kathleen. She came at once, smoothing down her clean linen apron and arranging the wide cambric ruffles of her cap, by the way.

"Kathleen, I want to speak to you."

She shut the parlor door and stood leaning against it.

"What is it that has so changed your young mistress?"

"Changed, sir?"

"Yes. You are not so blind as not to see that she is not the same person that she was when I went to Europe."

"That is true, sir."

"Well, what has occasioned the change?"

"I do n't know, sir, indeed."

"You are with her a great deal, Kathleen, and you have always known and loved her; you must surely have some idea of the truth. I have been thinking that she might be happier if I were

away; and we must either send an agent to Paris or one of the firm must go. I should be—"

"O, thin," interrupted Kathleen, "do n't ye do it at all. If ye've a spark o' love for Miss Bertha, don't ye go!"

He looked surprised.

"You know very well, Kathleen," he said gently, "that all this misery of Miss Bertha's is somehow connected with me. I'm sure I do n't know how, but if I were away, and she had no expectation of ever seeing me again, she might—"

"It would jist kill her," said Kathleen, decidedly, interrupting him again. "She would niver hould up her pritty head again. I know how she was whin ye were away, an' I can see how she is since ye came home, and its betther she is gettin', intirely. It's ase o' the mind is what she nades most o' all, and no one but yerself, sir, and that's the thruth, can help her."

"Well, Kathleen, tell me just how this sad state of things began. I can not help her unless I can find out what is the matter."

"O, thin," said Kathleen, wiping her eyes on her apron as she spoke, "I don't know, for shure, any more than yeself. But I know more than she thinks for."

"Tell me all you know, for her sake."

"Well, sir, it was little above a year before ye coom home, I mind it as if it was yesterday, because she was so pleased and lively over a letther from you that the postboy had brought in. I was dressin' her hair, for nobody can do it to feel aisy and snoog-like barrin' ould Katty."

"Yes, I know."

"I was dressing her hair, and pritty it is, so dark, and with waves like gold whin she sits in the light—"

"Yes, Kathleen. And what happened then?"

"Happened? Nothing at all jist then; but I spies another letther lying on the toilet-table. The sealing was whole, and says I,

"'See, Miss Bertha, dear, ye've clane forgot to rade this in yer joy o' the other.'

"'So I have,' says she; 'but it's to George, instead of me.'

"'That's quare,' says I, 'an' he for two years over the sa.'

"'I think so too,' she says, 'but it may be one of the begging letters that always come to his name. Some society wants money. And just look, Katty, what a faint little cramped hand it is directed in.'

"So I looked, and I told her what I thought, for shure that it did not look much like her own beautiful writing. For indade, sir, it's few pape

that can put pen to paper like Miss Bertha. It's like a pictur whin she—"

"I know, Kathleen. Her writing is very fine, but I am anxious to know what happened next."

"Yes, indade. Well, sir, she kept turning the letther over and over in her hand, and spakin' about it, and biddin' me mind the faint writin', but I could see that she were all the time rading her letther from you that still lay open on the table before her. So I said again,

"'Shure now, an' the letther may be from the mather's own sister.'

"'No,' she answered, 'for Lucitta knows he is far away. I suppose I must open it,' she says, 'for unless it is of more consequence than it looks, it would not be worth while to forward it to George. I will read it while you get my toast and coffee, and then tell you all about it.'

"You see that I know exactly how she likes her coffee, an' the ingrengencies—"

"Yes. Did she read the letter?"

"I will tell you about it. I made the toast and the coffee, and hurried up stairs, for indade I felt a little curos, as was nateral. But when I opened the door, I was strucked all o' a thremble, for there sat Miss Bertha, as white as the snow, wi' the letther all crumpled up in her hands, and her eyes staring so big and wild. Ye would have been frightened yeself, sir."

"No doubt of it." He was listening with breathless interest. "Go on, Kathleen."

"O thin, the great woe had coom to her for shure. Not a bit o' word did she spake for hours, and to all my crying and soothing she were dafe intirely. At the last I thried to get the botherin' letther away, and thin she came to herself, an' broke out into tears. Och, sich tears! sich cryin', as if her heart were breakin' in pieces! But it did her good," added Kathleen, crying herself, as George walked to a window to hide his emotion.

"Did she never tell you what was in the letter?" he asked, as soon as he could control his voice.

"Niver a word. There were odd words she spake in her great disthress, but I could not put them together to make sinse o' them, for shure she was out o' her head intirely."

"Do you remember them?" he asked eagerly.

"Tell me all you can recollect."

"She were clane crazy, sir."

"Never mind that. What did she say?"

"Well, sir," answered Kathleen, with evident reluctance, "she repeated over and over again this one thing: 'If *she* is his lawful wife, O what am *I*!'"

"What could she mean?"

"She were crazy, sir, and meant nothing at all."

"And you never found out more about the letter?"

"No. I niver dared mention it but once, and thin she was so excited about it, I was sure niver to hint o' it more. But I watched her whin she got all the pritty things you had given her together, and put them out o' sight. She cried a good deal over the letthers you had written to her, but whin she took up that letther—the bad one, sir—to put with them, her face was haughty and proud-like, instead o' sad, jist as you see it nowadays. I'm shure, sir, that ugly letther, w' its fine jumbled-up writin', is at the bottom o' all the throuble."

"You are probably right. I am greatly obliged to you, Kathleen, and I will not detain you any longer."

"O thin, if ye plaze, I hope ye'll not be afther spakin' to Miss Bertha o' this matther."

"I won't bring you into any trouble."

"An' ye will not go to Paris?"

"Not yet. I will first make one more effort to restore your mistress to happiness."

Kathleen courtesied her thanks, and went away looking as grateful as if it was her own happiness that he was considering.

CHAPTER III.

Left alone, George pondered a long time upon the strange information he had received. That the letter was a heartless attempt to ruin his domestic happiness he did not doubt. But from what quarter the blow had been aimed he had no idea. If he had personal enemies they were secret ones, and in all the wide circle of his acquaintance he could think of no person likely to act so dastardly a part. There was no individual upon whom he could fasten suspicion.

"No one can give me the information I need but Bertha herself. I will question her at once. Painful as it will be to us both, if it should restore her lost trust in me, we shall not regret it. I might get the letter in her absence, but it would be scarcely honorable to steal it from her. Besides, if, as I suppose, it contains charges against me, I choose to meet them in her presence." His brow darkened for a moment at the thought of the probable humiliating nature of the coming explanation, and his lip curled haughtily as he said aloud:

"Bertha, at least, should have known me better than to admit doubts of my honor."

He could not sit down quietly to await her return, but paced with a quick, impatient step up and

down the long drawing-room. It seemed as if she would never come. He knew that she expected him to be absent from dinner, for he had mentioned to her his intention of dining with a friend in the country, and he was querying whether she might not have chosen the same time to pay a social visit, when the sound of a carriage at the door aroused him, and he hurried down to receive her. He saw the quick flush of pleasure that his unexpected presence brought to her cheek.

"I thought you were gone. It is a long ride, and you will be late."

"It will make no difference, as I am not expected. I have concluded not to go."

She looked perplexed, for it was not usual for him to alter his plans.

"Are you ill?"

"No. I am perfectly well. I remained at home because I had something particular to say to you."

He had untied her hat, and laid it with her shawl on the table. She looked alarmed, but took the seat he gave her in silence.

"Do not be afraid. It is nothing that need frighten you. Bertha," he said, as he took a seat near her, "I have been thinking this morning that I might soon be obliged to go abroad again—to Paris."

She turned very pale, but she did not speak.

"It is for you, Bertha, to decide whether I shall go or stay. If my going will make you happier, do not fear to say so."

She leaned her head forward upon the table, and endeavored to suppress all appearance of emotion. It would not do, her self-control was wholly lost, and the table shook as her tears and sobs burst forth.

"Bertha!"

She felt a light hand on her shoulder; then she was clasped close to the manly heart so long estranged by her coldness, and other tears mingled with hers. She trembled and tried to escape from his arms, but he held her firmly.

"Not yet, Bertha. Hear me first. We both remember the first happy years of our married life, and the perfect trust we each felt in the other. You alone know what it is that has so fearfully divided us. Let me share in that knowledge, since it affects me equally with yourself."

He waited in vain for an answer, but he felt the slight form trembling in his arms.

"If you refuse the confidence I ask, then I shall rightly interpret your wish for my absence. But O, Bertha, by all our early love, let me beg for that confidence and trust that will secure to me

the treasures I most value—my wife and my home.”

She raised herself by a strong effort, and stood by his side, regaining at once her usual haughty composure.

“I am ashamed of my weakness,” she said. “If I have shunned, and do still shun an explanation with you, it is because I know that it is by my silence I hold my false position in society. And, because,” she added, her voice and manner again softening, “I am still too foolishly weak to adopt the right and only honorable course, and bid you leave me forever.”

“I still ask the explanation. I do not understand you, Bertha, as your reproachful looks seem to imply that I should, but I am sure that there is nothing that can part us if love and truth remain. If these are shattered, let all else go. Bertha, if love has no influence, I ask you by your duty as a wife to tell me what it is that has separated us.”

She looked at him a long time before replying. There was no guilty fear, no faltering in the open glance that met hers, but a stern dignity that awed her into submission.

“I will do as you wish. Remain here and I will send what you require from my room.”

“No, Bertha. Let me hear from your own lips the faults or crimes that are laid to my charge.”

She hurried out of the room, but came back directly with a letter in her hand.

“I never meant that you should have seen this while I lived. I received it a year and a half ago. It told me that I was not, and had never been your wife. I have never written to you or called you husband since.”

“Let me see it.”

His tone was so low and quiet, that she was unprepared for the grieved and indignant expression of his face as he took the letter. He examined it curiously. It was rather short—not more than a page.

“The handwriting seems familiar, though I do not recollect where I have seen it. I will read it aloud, and see what its import is.”

She said nothing, but stood opposite to him, watching him with flashing eyes, with her hands tightly clasped across her bosom. He read:

“Dearest George,—What an age it seems since we met! If I did not know you to be the truest of all true husbands, I should be quite jealous of the business that keeps you so long. I can think of nothing, do nothing, be nothing without you. Little Georgy is so like you, that he only serves to remind me of the absent father and husband. He talks incessantly of papa. It is five years

since he learned to call you by name, and what a world of prattle he has brought out of such a *dry* subject! There, does n't that bring the old make-believe frown to your face? Georgy has learned many new things on purpose to surprise you. Among the rest he can repeat the multiplication-table, which is pretty well for a boy of his years. Now, George, if you make fun of my penmanship, as you do at home, I will never write again. I keep all the news pickled down for you, only saying that we are quite well, and are planning ways and means to secure you a willing prisoner here.

“Your own

ISABEL.”

George read it through twice, growing more and more puzzled all the time.

“Was it postmarked, Bertha? Where is the envelop?”

She took it from her pocket and gave it to him. A sudden light broke over his countenance as he examined it.

“Come here, Bertha.”

She came to his side wonderingly. He pointed to the initial letter of the surname.

“Is not that a singular-looking L?”

“O, George,” she exclaimed, “is that all you have to say to so cruel a charge?”

“No, my dear wife, for my wife, my dear and lawful wife you are in spite of this letter. But look at this direction carefully. This is not an L, but there are two letters—C and L. It is written very carelessly, and if I did not know the hand, I should not have been able to point out the mistake you have made in opening a letter addressed to another person. The postmaster made the same mistake in sending it here.”

“Another person!” she repeated, in a dreamy, absent tone.

“Yes. See for yourself. The name is Clinton. It is the name of George Clinton, who married my wild cousin, Isabel Howard. You have not forgotten her, or the jokes we used to have in regard to her awkward penmanship. The ‘Georgy’ mentioned I never saw, as they live in Boston, where the letter is postmarked, but I presume he is the lawful heir of his father’s name, and of his mother’s wit and beauty. Nay, Bertha dear, I shall not suffer this.”

She had sunk on her knees at his feet, and buried her face in her hands. He raised her as he spoke, and clasped her again in his arms. This time, no doubt, no dark mistrust drove her away.

“I do not deserve your forgiveness, George. I shall never forgive myself,” she said, still holding her face on his shoulder. “So miserable as I have

been! so unhappy as I have made you! O, George, what a foolish, dreadful mistake!"

"A very natural one, Bertha. We will forget it if possible. At any rate it shall not trouble us longer. My poor cousin! how little she thought, when she wrote so negligently, of the misery she was preparing for us!"

"Ah! if I had only told you, or sent the letter to you, as I was often tempted to do!"

"And why did n't you?"

He raised her head so as to see her face. It was radiant with smiles in spite of the regret she was expressing. He repeated his question, playfully,

"Well, why did n't you?"

"I was afraid. How could I address you on such a subject? And I kept the letter for fear that you would never return if you saw it. You smile as if I were making poor apologies, but put yourself in my place, and my want of confidence will be—"

"Wholly inexcusable. I shall make you atone for it by telling me all your thoughts for the time to come. I shall not entirely forgive you till I see the rosy cheeks, and hear the light-hearted music of the old times. And if I go to Paris—" She started and looked up anxiously—"I shall not run the risk of losing my recovered treasure, but shall insist on your going with me. You see I am going to be a severe judge, Bertha, but you deserve all this, and as much more. I shall never be tired of punishing you."

"We shall be always happy," she replied, smiling brightly. "Always happy."

They were interrupted by Kathleen, who came to ascertain why the dinner-bell was unheeded. One glance at the happy face of her darling mistress was enough to dispel all her late anxieties.

"An' shure, Miss Bertha, did I not tell ye that the coomin' o' the masther would make all right? Och, it's yer own beautiful self intirely that is smiling so swately! Hiven bless ye foriver, and kape ye together too, an' it's pace and contint ye'll find, an' it's coulor and strength ye'll be gettin', Miss Bertha, dear."

And the warm-hearted nurse ran out of the room to wipe away her joyful tears, and to renew her clanging of the dinner-bell.

"For small use it would be for the vittles to spile jist for a matther o' joy. Och, the happy time in store for us all!"

LAURENTIUS reckons as many sins of the tongue as there are letters of the alphabet.

THE MYTHICAL CHARACTER OF WILLIAM TELL.

BY PROF. S. W. WILLIAMS.

EVERY nation has her hero. History and poetry alike endeavor to invest him with all noble and manly attributes. Success ever attends his efforts, though he struggles for a time with adverse fate. The only foe to which he yields is destiny; but this is no disgrace, for Jove himself gives precedence to it. His entire career is marked by no common incidents. Vast labors are undergone, dangers are confronted, hunger and thirst, nakedness and want, exile and shipwreck are all endured; yet above all he rises triumphant, and proves himself the favorite of fortune.

Some heroes are warlike, and delight in blood; others are peaceful, and love the retirement of home. Some enjoy the bustle of camps and the applause of armies; others the endearments of family and friends. Some set forth upon hazardous expeditions, for love of adventure; others for the relief of a distressed maiden, or a captive king. All, however, possess a general likeness, which shows them to be of the same family.

In the composition of a hero must be united all possible adventures with all possible attributes. As "the mingled beauties of exulting Greece" appear in the exquisite productions of Phidias and Praxiteles, so the sum of all intrepid conduct and virtuous action, by whomsoever done, and to whomsoever belonging, centers in the hero. It matters not that such a person never existed in fact—he exists in the legend; and we accept him as a living and breathing reality. The empire of fancy extends into the domain of fact, and the historian will often find it difficult to deduce the actual narrative from the obscure legend, and eliminate the truth from amidst the mass of puerility and exaggeration which is given him as the materials of his understanding.

To the conception Saint George is as real as Hannibal. Merlin has body, and bones, and blood, as well as Moses; and even the chivalrous Quixotte is as veritable as Godfrey of Bouillon. But there are some semi-fabulous heroes, whose lives possess an outline of fact, while the legendary superadds a mass of fiction. These stories thus resemble one of Ovid's characters—a maiden tricked out with all the trappings of fashion, and arrayed in all the vanities of the art: "The least part of the girl is herself."

Such a history is that of William Tell, the hero of Swiss independence. That there never was such a person as Tell, or that the accounts which are related of him are fabulous—in short,

that the life, services, character, and condition of said hero are mythical, it will be my endeavor to show.

Like all true heroes, Tell has no early history. The events which develop his masterly genius occur late in his life. Without previous training, with no antecedents of note, possessing no learning, nothing but a sturdy mountaineer, Tell becomes, in a single night, the leader of a nation's struggle for emancipation. He goes to bed powerless and unknown; he wakes in the morning strong and famous. A single night often makes or mars a man; but this night throed with a monstrous birth. At dawn a hero springs forth. Minerva's birth was not more wonderful than this sudden metamorphosis from a country boor into a subject for song.

The occasion, too, was in strange harmony with the birth. Albert I, of Austria, endeavored to suppress the liberal sentiments gaining ground in the three cantons, Uri, Schwytz, and Unterwalden. In order to effect his object, he gave the Swiss oppressive magistrates to provoke them to revolt. By this means he hoped to get a pretext for annexing their dominions to his duchy; or, if he failed in this, they might still be induced to give up their liberties in order to be relieved from their bailiffs. Of the number of these bailiffs was Herman Gessler—the Appius Claudius of Swiss history. Allowing the oppression, what fitter creature than Gessler to execute it? To every incident there is a cause, to every relation a correlative, to every object a counterpart, and to every revolution an occasion. Every Pythias has his Damon, and every Orestes his Pylades; so also has every Albert his Gessler. Without this Gessler, the myth would be imperfect. The story would want an essential element; and what legendary hesitates to introduce into the tale the actors who shall make a perfect epos? Hamlet is no more complete without the prince, than this legend without Gessler. He is the unconscious maker of the hero, and therefore holds a prominent place.

Now this Gessler suspected that a spirit of resistance lurked among the people, and, desirous to find out the most determined malcontents, made use of the following contrivance: Upon a tall pole erected in the market-place of Altorf, he placed the ducal cap of Austria, and ordered all persons who passed it to uncover their heads in token of their submission to the Austrian sway. William Tell and his little son passed by, and of course disobeyed. Thereupon both were arrested, and as the crime was a novel one, so must the punishment be. The hero had the reputation of

being the most accomplished archer in all Switzerland. How admirably does the legendary here introduce some personal characteristics of both the father and the child! Not more happily does the blind old bard describe wrathful Achilles, or blustering Hector, than our story-teller depicts his hero. Tell is commanded to exhibit his skill by shooting an apple from the head of his boy. The act is an inhuman and unnatural one; but the hero consents. We could suppose that the arrow would rather be sent through the tyrant's heart, than aimed at the child's head. Why, you ask, to secure himself from, at worst, but a short imprisonment, does he jeopard his son's life? Why does he secrete an arrow to do a murder, if, accidentally, he become a homicide? O, short-sighted objector, must you be instructed in legendary lore? These things can not be spared from the story. As well expect to have a blaze without light, or a fire without heat, as the life of a hero without marvels, or his history without improbabilities.

Tell draws the bow, and the arrow speeds forth. The apple is pierced through the core. The tyrant is evidently disappointed. But he is not willing to release his captives, and seeks for some other cause against them. From the vest of the father drops out a second arrow. Eagerly asking the meaning of what seems but an insignificant circumstance, the tyrant learns that the weapon was meant for him, had the first arrow failed of its object; "and be assured," says the hero, "my second would not have missed its mark." Tyrants have always sharp eyes, and their opposers stout hearts. None but a Gessler would have noticed the arrow, none but a Tell would have ventured the answer. So must the victim of tyranny suffer.

In the most central and mountainous part of Switzerland lies a lovely lake, surrounded by the most picturesque scenery, and presenting some of the wildest aspects of nature to be seen on the continent. The lake is of irregular shape. Its main direction is east and west; but at the most eastern extremity it deflects toward the south, forming a long arm like a gulf of the sea. Near the lower end of this arm stands the city of Altorf, and at the other end is the castle of Kussnacht. To this sequestered spot the prisoner was ordered to be taken.

Gessler and his men, with Tell pinioned at the bottom of the vessel, embarked on this water. The sides of the lake are formed of precipitous rocks, and the wind which plunges from the mountains above causes a dangerous surge. There is scarcely a single landing place along either

coast; and the boat, which, in a storm, should seek shelter near the shore would be dashed to pieces against the rocks. In such a sea, and at such a time, the crew, with their precious charge, cut loose from their moorings. They had not proceeded far when the bark became unmanageable.

When Tell was on land he was reputed to be an excellent archer; on the water he is an experienced boatman. Recourse is at last had to him. His fastenings are severed, and the vessel is intrusted to his charge. What the crew were unable to accomplish, our hero does. Steering the vessel right through the water, he reached a shelving rock, and as he approached it he seized his bow, which, it appears, was laid ready for him, and sprang ashore. At the same time he shoved the boat back into the water, and climbing the rock, escaped. In their confusion, Gessler's boatmen were unable to effect a landing, and so had to commit themselves again to the waves. In the mean time the storm abated, and Gessler landed safely at the coast, whence he took a path across the country to the castle of Küssnacht. Tell foresaw where he would debark, and accordingly lay in wait for him; and as he passed, shot him through the heart.

The necessity for immediate and vigorous action was at once apparent to all the patriots with whom Tell was in league. By a series of well-laid plans, the three cantons became possessed of all the fortresses and strongholds in the country, and razed them to the ground. From this time we date the Swiss independence, though it was not actually achieved till some ages later.

Such is an outline of the story of Tell. The legendary who composed his history, very clumsily put it together. It lacks originality and probability, two requirements of a perfect history. The same incidents belong to other nations and to other times. In Danish legends, Toko is the son of King Harold, who refused to acknowledge him, his mother having been a common slave. Thereupon Toko, imagining himself injured by his father's conduct, became his mortal enemy. Harold took him prisoner, and compelled him to show his skill, for which he was celebrated as a marksman, by shooting an apple placed on his son's head. "Why didst thou conceal another arrow about thee?" demanded the King. "In order to kill thee," replied Toko, "had I slain my son." The King then placed him in chains in his boat; but during a storm that arose on the lake, unbound him, in order to be saved by his well-known skill as an experienced boatman. Toko steered against a rock, sprang ashore,

pushed the boat back into the lake, and afterward waylaid the King and shot him. Here the story corresponds exactly with that of Tell.

In one of the old English ballads, Sir William of Clonderlee shoots an apple from the head of his only son, and by his masterly archery releases himself and his comrades, Adam Bel and Clim of the Clough, from the sentence of outlawry, and restores himself and them to the royal confidence and favor. I have no doubt that Sir William's nautical skill was equal to his skill with the bow, though no record of it appears in the story.

In Scandinavian sages, the same tale is narrated, with no essential variation; and even in Swiss history, the events here related are told of another hero, and a Count of Seedorf, who must have lived some generations before Tell. In the authentic documents relating to the ancient Swiss confederation, no such name as Gessler's is found belonging to any bailiff who occupied the castle of Küssnacht.

In a copy of Latin verses, written shortly after the battle of Morgarten, in 1315, mention is indeed made of William Tell; but to the famous story of the apple and the arrow there is no allusion. In the myth, this is the hinge on which the revolution turns; and its omission from the poem is a strong proof of its unreality.

After the incidents above recorded, Tell sinks into his former obscurity. Let us assume the truth of this story, and Tell dwindles into a very insignificant character. His refusal to acknowledge Austrian authority, when the Duke's guards possessed the country, may be thought an indication of a lofty spirit, but it must rather be deemed a foolhardy act. His ready obedience to Gessler's command to shoot the apple, is as pusillanimous as his former refusal to uncover his head was spirited and manly. His shooting the bailiff from under covert is the act of an assassin, not of a hero; and though it may be alleged in his behalf, that it was done in self-defense, the manner of the action is as dastardly as the results were thought to be wholesome.

History gives the names of Stauffaker, of Schwytz, Furst, of Uri, and Melchtal, of Unterwalden, as the three who united to assert the liberties of the Helvetic cantons; while it is romance alone which assigns to William Tell the most prominent place in the ensuing struggle. In short, the myth of Tell is an exotic in his age. It belongs to a more barbarous time, and perhaps to a more savage people. It is not in keeping with the general features of revolutionary history—a sure evidence of its clumsy invention. If Tell ever existed, he has not yet found his historian.

RELICS, OMENS, AND CHARMS.

BY WM. T. COGGESHALL.

SITTING in a chair made of the timbers of a ship in which Sir Francis Drake sailed round the world, the poet, Cowley, wrote :

" And I myself, who now love quiet too,
Almost as much as any chair can do,
Would yet a journey take,
An old wheel of that chariot to see,
Which Phaeton so rashly brake."

These lines express an emotion which nearly all persons sooner or later experience. A reverence for relics can be traced among the most civilized as well as among the most barbaric races. Great events have associations which make bullets, buttons, stones, sticks, scraps of iron, or pieces of cloth peculiarly precious. Notorious men occasion curiosity which renders a book with an autograph, a sword, a gun, a walking-stick, a chair, a letter, a legal instrument, or a rope's end, more valuable than any other book, sword, gun, walking-stick, etc., in the world. Affection, however, oftener than curiosity, and with more intelligence, cherishes relics. Not long ago, with half a dozen Frenchmen, I was in the old pioneer graveyard, at Marietta, O., where grows a handsome tree, said to have sprung from a slip cut from the willow that drooped over the grave of Napoleon at St. Helena. When the tree was described to them, all the Frenchmen gathered round it, and with earnest remarks upon the devotion of their people to the memory of Napoleon, each one cut a slip, which he wore conspicuously for several days, and then laid away as a relic.

A few weeks subsequent to that exhibition of national respect, I was at Mt. Vernon, watching, with peculiar interest, people from all parts of our country, who inspected with attentive curiosity whatever had belonged to Washington—gathered cones from the cedar trees near his grave—picked flowers from the paths near his mansion, and pebbles from the beach on which he set his foot whenever he went to or came from the Potomac.

Such incidents show that interest in the dwelling places, or in the tombs of men who have been useful to our country, is active among individual Americans; but that as a people we are neglectful of what encourages and perpetuates the best memories of great men, and of great deeds, no one need be told who is personally acquainted with the appearance of what our Fourth-of-July orators call the shrines of American liberty. Whoever visits Mt. Vernon is sad, not only because the tomb of Washington awakens pensive

reflections, but because all that Washington knew and cared for is falling into decay. Whoever visits Jamestown finds only dilapidated cabins and broken tombstones; and whoever makes a pilgrimage to Plymouth, hoping to see the rock on which the pilgrims first set foot, where the surf of the Atlantic still beats upon it, will discover, in a narrow street, lined with warehouses, a flat stone, over which drays run and on which mules stamp.

Many precious historical relics are preserved in the National Museum of the Patent-Office at Washington, and we have a few statues and monuments in different cities; but till Plymouth, and Jamestown, and Mt. Vernon, and Monticello, the Hermitage, North Bend, and other shrines around which cluster memories of the proudest events in our history, are cared for with national pride and liberality, they will reproach our patriotism as distinctly as our public morality is reproached by the frequent exhibitions of morbid infatuation displayed by American mobs, which "*lionize*" cunning forgers, bold burglars, or brutal murderers, or which pay high prices for glimpses into the rooms of a Bond-street tragedy.

It is not at all strange that those who love relics should fear omens. The sentiment and the fear are akin. Neither can be commended or condemned as the peculiarity of ignorant people. Intelligence, in the ordinary acceptance of that phrase, is not incompatible with either morbid curiosity, or irrational fear. Julius Caesar was so much afraid of thunder that he wanted to get under ground to escape from the terrible noise. Queen Elizabeth always shuddered when the word "death" was pronounced in her presence. Marshal Saxe, who knew no fear in the hottest battle, would flee with screams from a cat. Peter the Great dreaded always to cross a bridge. Byron would not help any one to salt at table, nor would he be helped; and if salt was spilled, he would leave his meal unfinished. Many such peculiarities could be cited from the biographies of well-known men. Superstitions of this character can be traced in almost every circle of our own society. Who has not heard of alarm at the howling of a dog late at night, when some one was dangerously ill? To how many hearts has the tick of the innocent bug, known as the death-watch, sent strange emotions? I confess that once, writing late at night, the exercise of one of those insects prevented me from pursuing a train of thought on which I was intent, and when I gave up my task and tried to sleep, an indefinable dread caused me to notice, for nearly two hours, the measured *tick, tick*, which sounded

over my head. Whenever in a deep forest I hear the melancholy note of the wood-dove, I experience a sensation which I can only define as a presentiment of bad news.

The superstition that dogs give omens is an ancient one. "Eumæan dogs," says Homer, "could see the apparition of Pallas when Telemachus saw something. In the sixteenth century, Jerome Cardan, the Milanese physician, relates that a dog howled before his marriage, and explains that his guardian angel came in grief to his threshold, and that the dog felt the presence of the spirit. In the same century—in the year 1553—a few weeks before a great mortality in Saxony, the dogs, it is said, assembled in a great troop at Meissen, and ran howling and yelling dismally through field and forest."

In these days of "spiritualism," warnings of death are often described, and claimed as reliable, because well authenticated. The history of superstition furnishes startling examples of premonition from all ages of the world, and the ancient ones are not more absurd than the modern.

But among all the superstitions, belonging to the class of which I am now writing, none is so incomprehensible as the belief in lucky and unlucky days. I have a friend, of more than ordinary general intelligence and business capacity, who can not be persuaded to start upon a journey, or undertake an enterprise on Friday. He will not listen to argument or heed ridicule. He knows what he knows. But as he is a man who takes great interest in the history of his country, perhaps, if he should study a recapitulation of lucky days in the American calendar, prepared by S. V. Rogers, of Owensburg, Ky., he might be divorced from his prejudice. For the benefit of all who may sympathize with my friend, I avail myself of Mr. Rogers's research, to show how great cause we Americans have to dread the fatal day:

On Friday, August 3, 1492, Christopher Columbus sailed on his great voyage of discovery.

On Friday, October 12, 1492, he first discovered land.

On Friday, January 4, 1493, he sailed on his return to Spain, which, if he had not reached in safety, the happy results would never have been known which led to the settlement of this vast continent.

On Friday, March 15, 1493, he arrived at Palos in safety.

On Friday, November 22, 1493, he arrived at Hispaniola, on his second voyage to America.

On Friday, June 13, 1494, he, though unknown to himself, discovered the continent of America.

On Friday, March 5, 1496, Henry VII, of England, gave to John Cabot his commission, which led to the discovery of North America. This is the first American state paper in England.

On Friday, September 7, 1565, Melendez founded St. Augustine, the oldest settlement in the United States by more than forty years.

On Friday, November 10, 1620, the Mayflower, with the Pilgrims, made the harbor of Provincetown. On the same day was signed that august compact, the forerunner of our present glorious Constitution.

On Friday, December 22, 1620, the Pilgrims made their final landing on Plymouth Rock.

On Friday, June 16, 1775, Bunker Hill was seized and fortified.

On Friday, October 7, 1777, the surrender of Saratoga was made, which had such power and influence in inducing France to declare for our cause.

On Friday, September 22, 1780, the treason of Arnold was laid bare, which saved us from destruction.

On Friday, October 19, 1781, the surrender at Yorktown, the crowning glory of the American arms took place.

On Friday, June 7, 1776, the motion in Congress made by John Adams, seconded by Richard Henry Lee, that the United Colonies were and of right ought to be free and independent.

The prejudice about days, thus so effectually exposed for Americans, is like many other prejudices, preserved by tradition, an inheritance from our remote ancestors. Ancient calendars designate two days in each month as unfortunate; namely, January, the first and seventh; February, the third and fourth; March, the first and fourth; April, the tenth and eleventh; May, the third and seventh; June, the tenth and fifteenth; July, the tenth and thirteenth; August, the first and second; September, the third and tenth; October, the third and tenth; November, the third and fifth; December, the seventh and tenth. Each of these days was devoted to some peculiar fatality.

In England there used to be a superstition preserved in the following rhyme:

"Born on Sunday, a gentleman;
Monday, fair in face;
Tuesday, full of grace;
Wednesday, sour and glum;
Thursday, welcome home;
Friday, free and giving;
Saturday, work hard for a living."

Even now, among the common people in England, there are signs and omens which can not

fail to amuse a thoughtful mind. It is said that—

"To sneeze on Monday, hastens anger;
Tuesday, kiss a stranger;
Wednesday,
Thursday,
Friday, give a gift;
Saturday, receive a gift;
Sunday, before you break your fast,
You'll enjoy your own true love before a week's past."

"Sneeze on Sunday morning fasting,
You'll enjoy your own true love to everlasting."

If you sneeze on a Saturday night after the candle is lighted, you will next week see a stranger you never saw before.

A magazine writer who gave laborious attention to the superstitions about days, ascertained that "the fourteenth day of the first month was deemed auspicious by the Jews, because it ended their captivity in Egypt. On the other hand, the tenth of August was ill-omened; for on that day the first temple was destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar, and the second by Titus, six hundred years after. The Romans would never undertake any business on the thirteenth of February—*Dies Alliciensis*—which was the anniversary of the battle of Allia, when the nation was almost annihilated by the Gauls. The Carthaginians had the same superstition about the twenty-second of August. Louis XI, of France, esteemed it an evil omen if any one spoke to him on business on Innocent's Day."

The compiler of these facts mentions some remarkable coincidences in the lives of distinguished men. The same day of the month has not unfrequently been the day of birth and of death, and the date of some memorable event. Alexander the Great was born on the sixth of April. On that day he won two of his most important victories; and on that day he died. On that day his father, Philip, conquered Potidea, and on that day, Parmenio, Philip's general, overcame the Illyrians. Pompey the Great was born and died on the thirtieth of September, and on the same day triumphed on his return from Asia. Augustus was adopted by Julius Caesar on the nineteenth of August, and on the nineteenth of August he died. The wife of Henry VII was born and died on the eleventh of February. Sir Kenelm Digby was born and died on the eleventh of June. He conquered at Scanderoon on the same day. His epitaph commemorates the coincidence:

"Under this stone the matchless Digby lies—
Digby the great, the valiant, and the wise;
This age's wonder for his noble parts,
Skilled in six tongues, and learned in all the arts;

Born on the day he died—the eleventh of June—
On which he bravely fought at Scanderoon,
'Tis rare that one and self-same day should be
His day of birth, of death, of victory."

Raffaello was born and died on Good Friday. Shakspeare's birthday was also the day of his death—April twenty-third. The twenty-fourth of February was thrice memorable to Charles V, of Spain, as the day of his birth, the day of his victory over Francis, King of France, and the day on which he received the imperial crown at Bonoma. Charles II, of England, was born and restored to the throne on the twenty-fifth of May. The third of September was marked in the history of Cromwell as the date of the victory at Dunbar, also of that at Worcester, and as the day of his death.

Days of the week have sometimes been signalized in a similar manner. Tuesday was a day of note to Beckett, the English saint. On Tuesday the lords passed judgment upon him at Northampton, on Tuesday he went into exile, on Tuesday he had a vision in which his doom was foretold to him, on Tuesday he returned from exile, on Tuesday he died, and on Tuesday was canonized. Wednesday was the lucky day of the celebrated Pope Sixtus V. It was the day of his birth, the day on which he took orders, the day on which he was made General of his order, the day on which he was created Cardinal, the day on which he was elected Pope, and the day on which he was inaugurated. Henry VII called Saturday his fortunate day, as that on which he gained the battle of Bosworth, and that on which he entered London. It is remarkable that four of the Tudors in succession died on Thursday, beginning with Henry VIII, the second, and ending with Elizabeth, the last of the line.

All readers of American history, or of American newspapers, know that patriotic speculations have been based on the fact that John Adams and James Madison both died on the same day—and that day the anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence.

Whether any ladies who read these pages tell fortunes out of tea-cups, I would not presume to guess; but it may interest them to know that they have fair sisters who at least pretend to believe that when you first see the new moon in the new year, if you will take your stocking off from one foot and run to the nearest stile, when you get there you will find, between your toes, a hair which will be the color of your lover's; and that, if you wish the course of true love to run smooth, when you first see the new moon after midsummer, you should turn your back to it, and say—

"All hail, new moon, all hail to thee!
I prithee, good moon, reveal to me
This night who shall my true love be;
Who he is, and what he wears,
And what he does all months and years."

A new moon, old chronicles tell us, seen over the right shoulder, is lucky, over the left shoulder, unlucky, and straight before, prognosticates good luck to the end of the moon. Hang nails should always be cut through the waning of the moon. Whatever you think of when you see a star shooting, you are sure to have.

We may be inclined to satire when we read of such pretension, but we should remember that it is a common saying in our day—a saying which often has influence—"The third time is the charm."

The pretense of virtue in odd numbers is as old as history. Virgil mentions it in his Eighth Eclogue. *Falstaff*, in the "*Merry Wives of Windsor*," permits himself to be entrapped a third time, and remarks, "*This is the third time. I hope good luck lies in odd numbers. Away—go. They say there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance or death.*" It is a very common belief, that the number thirteen is ominous, and that when thirteen persons meet in a room, one of them will die within a year. Many women think it necessary to luck that an odd number of eggs should be put under a setting hen. Who has not heard claims set up for divination in medical skill, on the part of an individual, because he was the seventh son of a seventh son? There is an empiric in Cincinnati, who casts horoscopes and prescribes for diseases with what he claims to be supernatural power, because of virtue invested in him from the fact that he is the seventh son of a seventh son. His patrons may divine consolation from a few curious facts concerning the number seven.

The seventh day was appropriated as one of rest, and the seventh year was directed to be a Sabbath of rest for all things. At the end of seven times seven years commenced the grand jubilee. Pharaoh's dream foretold seven years of plenty and seven years of famine. Under the Jewish law, a man was commanded to forgive his enemies seven times; and, under the Christian dispensation, seventy times seven times. When Jericho was taken, they encompassed the city seven times. Elisha sends Naaman to wash in Jordan seven times. Elijah, on the top of Carmel, sends his servant to look seven times for rain. Solomon was seven years building the temple, at the dedication of which he feasted seven days. The children of Israel ate unleavened bread seven days. David, in bringing up the ark,

offered seven bullocks and seven rams. The apostles chose seven deacons; and some inquiring person, who has investigated this subject to a nicety, states that the Savior spoke seven times from the cross, on which he remained seven hours; that he afterward appeared seven times, and, in seven times seven days, sent the Holy Ghost.

The war by which the American colonies gained their independence was a seven years' war.

Faith in charms is most prevalent among oriental nations, though the aboriginals of America are not without it. The Chinese think there is great virtue in a pair of boots which belonged to an upright magistrate. I need not attempt to describe the charms which, by a large class of Europeans, are supposed to lie in the relics of "saints." The Turk and the Arab have implicit confidence in certain amulets for themselves or for their horses. They have sympathizers in even enlightened America. I have known a man of at least ordinary intelligence, wear two or three minerals in a little bag around his neck as a charm against the ague. When the cholera raged in Cincinnati, in 1849, many persons carried pieces of camphor gum in their pockets as amulets, and the City Council burned sulphurous coal in the streets to prevent the spread of the cholera miasm.

History teaches us that when nations are young faith in omens and charms prevails most widely among them; though in the period of the highest refinement it was not eradicated by the Romans, nor has it yet been by Celts, Germans, or Anglo-Saxons. Individuals are like nations in respect to superstitions. Upon early impressions—indeed, convictions before we reason—depend superstitious fears; and often, in middle or later life, when we know that we are the victims of superstition, we are none the less surely victimized. Therefore, parents should have exceeding care concerning the impressions made upon their children's minds before they have experience and observation from which to reason for themselves. Confidence between parents and children should always be free, that whatever erroneous impressions young minds receive may be removed. Instruction respecting familiar things should frequently be imparted in the family circle; and, that common superstitions and pernicious errors respecting our ordinary relations to air, earth, and water, may be prevented, many books, which popularize science ought to be widely circulated. We have a few good ones, but we might have many. They will be written and published whenever families and schools practically demand them.

MRS. HEWLETT'S MATCH.

TWENTY years ago the Reverend Christopher Blunt was presented to the small living of Borstall, in Sussex. At that period he had reached the age of fifty-five; and having during his clerical life gone through a course of curacies, of each of which he had been dispossessed, precisely at the time when he believed that his ministry was becoming effective, he received with thankfulness even that small preferment. But there was still a charm beyond that of permanency promised by the rectory of Borstall; and that was literary leisure. Hitherto he had eked out an insufficient income by receiving pupils; much to the hinderance of the deep and abstract studies consonant to his taste. But now he might look to his snug rectory as a hermitage, from whence should issue the condensed fruits of a life of learning—works that he knew would be hailed as fulfillments of the promise given by his college labors, by those who had shared them.

It is not so easy to remain a hermit in this spinster-teeming land; and so Mr. Blunt discovered.

At the house of a near neighbor—a sort of Squire-Farmer—he frequently met a lady, to whom he had inadvertently given more attention than he usually paid to women; this was in a measure owing to her being perfectly conversant with all the details relative to some discoveries lately made in the ruins of the Priory at Lewes. A desire for information was construed into a tender preference by the Hewlett family; and Mrs. Hewlett, in particular, seemed to consider that her mission in this world was, what she called, “bringing Mr. Blunt and Miss Smith-together.”

To him, the necessity of a female to take charge of his household was skillfully urged. To her, the assumed fact of his predilection for herself, and the advantage it was for a woman of thirty-five to be settled as a wife, was dwelt upon. Mrs. Hewlett omitted all inquiry as to the mutual fitness of those she engaged in this treaty; but her legislation was so far potent, that at the end of four months Miss Smith found herself receiving Mr. Blunt's thanks for her indulgence to his suit! Suit! Alas! there had been none; and so she was about to intimate; but Mr. Blunt gave her no time for reply. With a ceremonious air he asked when it would be agreeable to her to inspect the rectory, and specify what she should wish done previous to her marriage; so she had to leave the higher ground of settlement for the short cut of matter-of-fact.

The first six months of wedded life offered no reason for doubting the wisdom of Mrs. Hewlett's friendly machinations. The bride seemed to feel an immense accession of importance in her transition from obscure lodgings in Brighton to the rectory. And though there were dark moments in which the idea would strike her, that a situation as housekeeper would have made a similar change in her circumstances, with the additional advantage of wages, still, as she looked at the cards in a China plate on her drawing-room table, she felt, that to receive such visits, she must have risen in the scale of consequence. As for the Rector, upon him Hymen seemed to shed his most golden radiance. His house was now in perfect order. His man and maid no longer dashed intrusively into his study for directions he was unable to give. Pigs and chickens were now killed without his having to pronounce sentence of death. Soup was always ready for the poor; the drawing-room always ready for the rich, without the conducting ceremony of opening the shutters. What could he wish more?

Perhaps he might have been better pleased, if content with the plenitude of power yielding to herself, Mrs. Blunt had confined herself to doing, rather than talking. But surely it was the naughtiness of man's heart that could have led him to complain. In her most verbose humor, had he not those beautiful fir-trees to fly to? Where, pacing up and down, and soothed by the mysterious murmur of the wind amid their branches, he could resume the thread of those deep meditations which her household tattle had cut short? Yes! he felt that marriage was decidedly a happy state; even though his still contracted finances offered none of the luxuries a lady-wife might have looked for; and though she failed not frequently to arouse his attention to the fact.

A strange jolt occurred in the track which Mr. and Mrs. Blunt were so quietly pursuing. A man on horseback one day left an envelop containing a card bearing these words: “*The Duke and Duchess of R. present their compliment to the Rev'd. Mr. and Mrs. Blunt, and request the pleasure of their company to a Ball and Supper, at Goodwood, on Wednesday, the 27th of February, at a quarter before ten o'clock.*”

Did any cruciform character ever obtain more critical examination than did these few words? Even Mr. Blunt laid down St. Chrysostom to look at the direction, and wonder what it all meant.

A visit to the Doctor's wife in the village solved much of the mystery. A ball was certainly to be given at Goodwood, on the coming of age of the

Earl of M.; and tickets had been sent to all the gentry of the country.

What a week of inquietude succeeded the receipt of this card! increased by the intimation indorsed at the back, that the favor of an answer was requested! With the most vehement desire of attending the ball—a desire created by all the petty vanities which at times are known to influence women—Mrs. Blunt experienced the torture of seeing that Mr. Blunt perfectly ignored the possibility of accepting the invitation; and, moreover, that he was morbidly alive to the anomaly of its being sent to a clergyman and his wife, both of a “certain age,” and without young people.

Wives who have overcome greater obstacles to their wishes, may guess the machinery of persecution called into action, on this emergency, by Mrs. Blunt. It suffices to say that she obtained her husband's consent to act as she liked. It must, however, be added that the reasoning which had most weight with him, was the petulant declaration that she was buried alive in Borstall; and that now that there was an opening to meet some of her friends, he unkindly wished her to miss it. Meet some of her friends! Mrs. Blunt knew that there was not the slightest chance of this. She knew, moreover, that for the sake of dazzling some of her uninvited neighbors, she was thus desirous of attending a distinguished assembly. And without remorse she could lay her head on a pillow, beside one whose pure and holy will she had dared, for the most trivial motives and false pretexts, to set aside! Ah! Mrs. Hewlett, companionship of soul was sadly wanting in the match you so unhesitatingly concocted.

To fix on her ball-dress—to decide that the most economical mode of transport would be by their own little pony chaise, which could convey them to Arundel, where they might dress, and proceed from thence in a fly to Goodwood—seems matter requiring little mental effort; and yet the commotion in Mrs. Blunt's mind and manner had been unceasing till these questions had been finally resolved. And even when the twenty-seventh of February arrived, and found them setting off in the little carriage—the ball-dress slung in a box beneath; even then she fancied some furbelow might have advantageously been added to the dress; and that, perhaps, the diminutive pony was not quite the animal to draw them through winter roads a distance scarcely short of twenty miles. But the gallant little pony did his work bravely; and as he rested on the summit of the steep hill above Arundel, covered with his master's coat, who had divested himself of the wrap, that his steed should not be

chilled, there was a toss in the head, a smart set of the ears, that seemed to say, he could do as much again, to be so kindly treated.

Immediately on arriving at the inn, Mrs. Blunt ordered a fire and tea to be placed in a bedroom; as the parlor appropriated to pony-carriage-company was cold and dirty. The move met Mr. Blunt's entire approval; and as they sat basking before a large fire, they both felt that a tedious journey on a February day, gave a new and brilliant coloring to the tea-table and the fireside.

The tea finished, the ball-dress unpacked, a sense of intense weariness came over the Rector and the lady; and her proposal that they should lie down in their dressing-gowns till it was time to dress for the ball, was received, as all her plans of comfort usually were, with unqualified assent. It was now six o'clock. It would take them almost an hour to reach Goodwood. If they left at nine o'clock they would be in ample time. Therefore, allowing half an hour for dressing, they had above two hours for repose.

Ringling the bell for coals, Mrs. Blunt gave the chambermaid directions that she should call them at eight o'clock, and bring warm water; Mr. Blunt, when seeing his pony made comfortable for the night, had ascertained that they could have a fly at a quarter of an hour's notice, and had therefore given no more definite orders, than that one would be required at about nine.

In ten minutes, soothed and comforted by the warmth, though wearied to a considerable extent, Mrs. Blunt sunk into the soundest sleep—sleep that promised to be of no short duration. Mr. Blunt did not so soon lose all consciousness; but before an hour had passed, he too slept, and slept profoundly. From this calm slumber, however, he was disturbed by a dream, which presented the image of one of his beloved fir-trees being blown down by a raging wind. By degrees the vision passed away into reality, as far as noise was concerned; and he became aware that it was the sound of carriage wheels which had aroused him. At length recollecting where he was, he guessed that the noise was that of some carriage passing in the gateway beneath their room. Slowly unclosing his eyes, he was surprised by perceiving some indications of light through the window. Was it gas? Was it the moon? No. It was of that dim, leaden hue, which marks the dawn of a winter morning. Still half asleep, he yet became sensible that by degrees every object in the room was becoming visible. He could now descry the ball-dress on the sofa, the pink wreath glittering upon it. There was the extinguished fire, the grate full of gray cinders. It was morn-

ing! Yes! it must be so. The perfidious chambermaid had omitted to call them; and the Goodwood ball was now among the things of the past!

The absurdity of the whole thing provoked a laugh from one not easily moved to such demonstrations of mirth. The unusual sound partially awoke Mrs. Blunt, who, still half in sleep, reproachfully muttered:

"Really, Mr. Blunt, you do snore so terribly I can scarcely get a wink of sleep."

Her words were still more conducive to risibility; but with a resolute effort he checked it. Rather dreading what the effect of her perfect waking might be, and conscious that the ridiculous nature of a disappointment, so calculated to annoy her, could not be lessened by immediate and complete arousing, he felt that it was wiser, and at any rate a postponement of vexation, if he suffered her still to sleep.

At length, however, and sad to say, a sharp knock at the door, with the twanging voice of the chambermaid announcing that it was eight o'clock, awoke the unfortunate Mrs. Blunt to full perception of the appalling, but unalterable fact, that the night had been passed in a heavy, trance-like sleep, far from the distinguished throng with whom she had hoped to mingle! Amazement, anger, and grief by turns predominated; and, sitting up in the bed, she seemed inclined to pour a condensation of all these feelings, in the form of bitter revilings, upon the innocent Rector's head. Under such circumstances there was now no disposition for laughter. In truth, Mr. Blunt felt deep concern to see the grievous consternation which had thus overcome all self-command. With kind words he sought to soothe her; and recommending her again to recline on the bed and try to sleep, he took possession of the warm water the guilty chambermaid had left; and with still and gentle movements made his morning toilet.

A very strict chronicler might avow that Mrs. Blunt shed many bitter tears on the pillow upon which she buried her face; it is sufficient for us to say that she descended to breakfast with at least a show of composure. It may be that she had been called to the use of her reason, by being told by the chambermaid, whom she had severely scolded for her negligence, "That she never could have thought such a nice, steady-looking gentleman wished to be called up for a ball!"

They had scarcely begun to breakfast, when a man knocked at the door to know when the fly should come round, that the gentleman had

spoken about the night before? Again the Rector could have laughed at this further proof of the sad misunderstanding of their plans, but for the deep despondency with which Mrs. Blunt sat, cutting vandykes in a leathery bit of dry toast, and the ill humor of the disappointed fly man. A sudden idea, however, seemed to dart into her mind, as the driver commented on the hardship of losing a job. Why should they not drive to Goodwood and leave cards? It was surely etiquette so to do; as well as to make excuses for their non-attendance. Next to going to a Duchess's ball, was leaving cards at a Duchess's door.

The drive, to which Mr. Blunt willingly consented, seemed much to restore his wife's equanimity. Nay, it did more; and there was really something of satisfaction in her feelings, as they approached the pepper-box towers of Goodwood.

On reaching the entrance, Mrs. Blunt begged that she might take the cards to the door, under the idea that she could at the same time take a peep at the glories within; and she mounted the steps, card-case in hand, with some little consequence in her demeanor; almost feeling, at the moment, an *habitué* of the Ducal abode. Her message to the servant conveying their excuses to the Duchess, had been too carefully conned, not to be distinctly given, as she placed the cards in his hands. She still lingered on the threshold, taking note of all the grandeur within, when a functionary, who was writing at a table, and who, with a foraging cap on his head, and a pen held horizontally between his lips, had at that early hour very little of the distinguished air of a groom of the chambers, approached. Taking the cards from the footman's hand, he said, pompously:

"Really, a remarkable coincidence! I have just come to the B.'s; and had this very moment inserted your names among the list of the company. The error shall be repaired."

How quickly do the thoughts touched by vain-glory spring to a woman's mind! Were their names to be published in a list of those who had assisted at the ball, it would give the eclat, for which half the toil and trouble of their expedition had been undertaken.

With words not quite so fluent as those which she had delivered the first apologetic message, Mrs. Blunt tried to make the man comprehend her wish, that matters should stand as they were; adding with a confidential smile, that as they were among the invited, it was not a very great fib to allow their names to remain on the list. With the tact of a waiting-maid, the man perfectly understood the simple aspiration which

instigated the illogical reasoning; and perhaps moved by the friendliness of her manner, he said, patronizingly,

"I perfectly understand. The papers shall announce the Rev'd. Mr. and Mrs. Blunt as having been at our ball."

"I will thank you, sir, to insert nothing of my name that is not strictly true," said a voice behind them; of which the tone and tendency filled the whole soul of Mrs. Blunt with disgust. The Rector had heard her attempt at equivocation with the servant; he had seen the forced smile, and the lightened color, which the proffered partnership in lying had brought to her cheeks; and, following her up the steps, he now offered his arm to conduct her back to the fly.

Thus ended the ball at Goodwood! With something between a sob and a grunt, Mrs. Blunt leaned back in the carriage. But for the deference with which, unknowingly to herself, her husband had inspired her, she would have deprecated, with some liveliness of expression, the interference; and such phrases as "absurd strictness"—"want of knowledge of the world"—"a thin-skinned old bachelor"—might have given voice to her thoughts. As it was, she maintained a gloomy and spiteful silence.

The journey back to Borstall was as dull as bad roads, ill humor, and a tired pony could make it. Mr. Blunt, however, seemed neither to lose patience or temper; and had a cheering word for his pony or his wife, as occasion might require.

A bright fire shining cheerily through the windows, as they entered the drive at the rectory, seemed to promise comfort and repose; but what a climax was put to all the *contretemps* and ineptitudes of the last two days, to have a card put into her hands, by an excited woman servant, immediately on entering the sitting-room!

"What!" shrieked Mrs. Blunt, on seeing thereon, "The Bishop of C."

"Yes, ma'am. The Bishop came to-day; and was mortal cut up not to find master. O! and such a nice gentleman! And he poked about so pleasantly in master's study."

In the distempered state of Mrs. Blunt's mind, she could not help associating the notion of a bishop's visit with something inquisitorial; but on looking to see what effect it had, when announced to her husband, she saw a flush of such unqualified gladness beaming on his countenance, as rather reassured her.

"What could have brought the Bishop here?" she said, anxious to learn whether his visit could have any reference to the Goodwood ball.

"Why that excellent man," the Rector replied,

still looking with a sparkling eye on the card, "remembering our old friendship, has been good enough to find me out." His animation rather faded as he added: "But for this unfortunate ball, I should have had the greatest gratification which I think this life could afford me."

As in duty bound, his wife suggested that doubtless the Bishop would come again. But she, too, felt that the ball expedition was in every aspect unfortunate; and, as she consigned the next day her ball-dress to the drawer where it was henceforth to abide, she thought, with unavailing remorse, that she would have given the cost of it never to have heard the name of Goodwood.

Two days after this the post delivered a letter with a large episcopal seal. She saw with terror that its perusal gave great uneasiness to her husband. She feared to question him concerning it; but the letter was placed in her hands with a look of such grave reproach, that the poor woman's knees trembled beneath her.

The purport of the letter was to offer, in the kindest way imaginable, the presentation of an excellent living to the Rector; the Bishop dwelling on the pleasure it gave him to offer his first patronage to so old and valuable a friend. But then came this inquieting paragraph:

"I have just seen in an evening paper a long list of the clergy who were at the Duke of R's ball, with some severe animadversions, which I must consider uncalled for. Still, I will confess that I am better pleased that my first presentation should not be to one of these—clerical votaries of Terpsichore—as the flippant newspaper styles them."

Although she had felt acutely during the last three days, that the pertinacity with which she had adhered to her selfish wish of going to the ball had worked much harm, and that the fellowship which a high-minded and learned man had been disposed to extend to her had been interrupted, if not utterly withdrawn, Mrs. Blunt could not quite understand why the announcement in this letter should cause such mixed feeling. Again and again did she look at the disturbing paragraph. Did it really neutralize all the happy announcement which prefaced it? Surely not. And yet the perturbed and gloomy looks of her husband were any thing but those of a man who had just been offered rich preferment. With true womanly hardihood, which, in the very desperation of cowardice, anticipates the blow it dreads, she said:

"Well, Mr. Blunt, you know we were not at the ball."

Another look from the Rector seemed to say as plainly as looks could say :

"Would you add to the evil your weakness had involved, by instigating a lie?" but he took the letter from her hand without proffering a word. Her own conscience, however, thundered in her ear, that although her lax consideration for her husband's feelings had been strangely divested of the mischief it might have worked upon his prospects; although the childish disingenuousness, which, for some miserable vanity, would have falsely announced their presence at the ball, had been fortunately arrested by him, still she had virtually entailed on him that which he had considered disrepute.

The unmitigated and penitential fidget which that morning took possession of Mrs. Blunt, could only be allayed by her taking her work into the Rector's study, where he sat writing. That the letter he was inditing was to the Bishop was evident, for his lordship's letter lay open beside him. But there was something so cold, so excommunicating in the silence he maintained, that for her very life she could not have asked to whom he was writing. Every moment her feelings became more irksome. Twice she passed so close to him she jogged his elbow as he wrote. It was a comfort to beg pardon for something. It was a time of trial; and the bitterest reproaches which would have called for earnest petitions for forgiveness, and attempted extenuation, would have been hailed as a relief. But no; the silence of the Rector was unbroken; and the click of Mrs. Blunt's thimble and needle was the only sign of communion of any sort.

At length the letter was finished. Was she to ask what was his reply; or was she to take advantage of his leaving the room, and read it?

The latter seemed to her the easier course. That "unwhipped mischief"—that trespass beyond the law's cognizance—the reading of a letter addressed to another, had been too often committed for her to hesitate now.

Did she read aright? Had Mr. Blunt actually declined the rich Rectory offered to him, on the score that accident alone had prevented him being one with the ball-going parsons? Could the man be in his senses to take so much pains to state that this was a fact generally known, and so might bring discredit to his patron? And what could he mean by saying, that in the present state of public feeling, a presentation, of which the fitness might be discussed in the public journals, would be a matter of serious disquietude to himself?

All feelings of delicacy as to the method by

which she had arrived at this knowledge, were at once expunged from her mind, as the fact of the insane refusal dawned over it. On the Rector's return to the room, a flood of dissuasion and feminine sophistry, regarding the uncalled-for confession, and ungracious lukewarmness, was poured into his ear. All was in vain. Her influence as a wife had passed away. Her voluble arguments were set aside with a sternness she had never yet encountered; and the letter was posted.

Though, in his lack of commonplace knowledge, the single-hearted Rector believed he had put the bar to his own advancement, we may anticipate the answer of the Bishop. As for poor Mrs. Blunt, the nervous state into which all this had thrown her, seemed to add twenty years to her age. She had conceived the contracted notion that the Bishop would gladly receive the letter that declined the preferment which now might be offered to another; having secured her husband's gratitude for the offer made to him. Besides this, the agonizing dread that the contemplated ball was in truth a deadly sin in Episcopal eyes, precluded all hope that things might after all turn out well. The result was then most gratifying to both. To her, that the presentation really was affirmed. To the Rector, that the warm expressions of the Bishop, which showed him rejoicing in the irrefragable proofs that truth in all its purity dwelt intact in the bosom of one he gladly called his friend, removed all further scruple in accepting the living.

Nineteen years have passed since these occurrences. Mrs. Blunt is still in utter ignorance of the duty of aspiring

"Unto the calms and magnanimities,
The lofty uses, and the noble ends,
The sanctified devotion, and full work,"

to which a union with a man like Andrew Blunt had called her; though she has become fully aware that she was not quite the help meet for adorning his "seventy years chrysalis." With something like anger for the match-making Mrs. Hewlett, she has often wondered how she managed to "bring together" two so widely differing. By feigning rather than by imitation, she tries to assimilate their characters. The hypocrisy is soon detected; and she stands abashed before the clear sight and lofty spirit of one, who would deal with falsehood as with the loathsome weeds of a sin-cursed soil. These are not pleasant terms on which to be with a husband. Still Mr. and Mrs. Blunt may often be seen driving pacifically together in the environs of Chichester. However, the favorite drive of every one—that of Goodwood

Park—is never chosen by Mrs. Blunt. It recalls an ugly episode in her life; and she wisely avoids all memory of the Goodwood ball. A double moral may be deduced from this simple record of facts. Men may learn, as Adam did before them, that evil may befall

"Him, who to worth in woman overtrusting,
Lest her will rule."

While, to those who would arrogate to themselves the responsible task of "disposing in marriage," we would hint, that in the married population there are more *pairs* than *matches*.—*London Magazine*.

THE OLD TINDER-BOX.

WHAT an eloquent lecture might be delivered upon the old-fashioned tinder-box, illustrated by the one experiment of "striking a light!" In that box lie, cold and motionless, the flint and steel, rude in form and crude in substance. And yet within the breast of each there lies a spark of that grand element which influences every atom of the universe; a spark which could invoke the fierce agents of destruction to wrap their blasting flames around a stately forest, or a crowded city, and sweep it from the surface of the world; or which might kindle the genial blaze upon the homely hearth, and shed a radiant glow upon a group of smiling faces; a spark such as that which rises with the curling smoke from the village blacksmith's forge, or that which leaps with terrific wrath from the troubled breast of a Vesuvius. And then the tinder—the cotton—the carbon. What a tale might be told of the cotton-field where it grew, of the black slave who plucked it, of the white toiler who spun it into a garment, and of the village beauty who wore it, till, faded and despised, it was cast among a heap of old rags, and finally found its way to the tinder-box. Then the tinder might tell of its hopes, how, though now a blackened mass, soiling every thing that touched it, it would soon be wedded to one of the great ministers of nature, and fly away on transparent wings, till, resting on some Alpine tree, it would make its home among the green leaves, and for awhile live in freshness and beauty, looking down upon the peaceful vale. Then the steel might tell its story, how for centuries it lay in the deep caverns of the earth, till man, with his unquiet spirit, dug down to the dark depths, and dragged it forth, saying, "No longer be at peace." Then would come tales of the fiery furnace, what fire had done for steel, and what steel had done for fire. And then the flint

might tell of the time when the weather-bound mariners, lighting their fires upon the Syrian shore, melted silicious stones into gems of glass, and thus led the way to the discovery of the transparent pane that gives a crystal inlet to the light of our homes; of the mirror in whose face the lady contemplates her charms; of the microscope and the telescope by which the invisible are brought to sight, and the distant drawn near; of the prism, by which Newton analyzed the rays of light; and of the photographic camera, in which the sun prints with his own rays the pictures of his own adorning. And then both flint and steel might relate their adventures in the battle-field, whither they had gone together, and of fights they had seen, in which man struck down his fellow-man, and, like a fiend, had reveled in his brother's blood. Thus, even from the cold hearts of flint and steel, man might learn a lesson which should make him blush at the "glory of war;" and the proud, who despise the teachings of small things, might learn to appreciate the truths that are linked to the story of a "tinder-box."—*The Reason Why*.

THE CHILD IS DEAD.

IT is hard to believe it; we shall no more hear the glad voice, nor meet the merry laugh that burst so often from its glad heart.

Child as it was, it was a pleasant child; and to the partial parent there are traits of loveliness that no other eye may see. It was a wise ordering of Providence that we should love our own children as no one else loves them, and as we love the children of none besides. And ours was a lovely child.

But the child is dead! You may put away its playthings. Put them where they will be safe. I would not like to have them broken or lost; and you need not lend them to other children when they come to see us. It would pain me to see them in their hands, much as I love to see children happy with their toys.

Lay the little one in his coffin. He was never in so cold and bare a bed; but he will feel it not. He would not know it if he had been laid in the cradle, or in his mother's arms. Throw a flower or two by his side; like them he withereth.

Carry him out to the grave. Gently! It is a hard road, this, to the grave. Every jar seems to disturb the infant sleeper. Here we are at the brink of the sepulcher. O, how damp, and dark, and cold! But the dead do not feel it; there is no pain, no fear, no weeping there. "Sleep on, now, and take your rest!"

WESLEY'S GENIUS AS A WRITER.

BY PROFESSOR J. F. GIVEN.

WHAT a master of English he was! His style was extraordinary for its nervous sententiousness, and abounded in passages of almost unequalled brilliancy and power. Clear, full daylight gleams all over his words; but at times he concentrates in the focus of his broad and mighty intelligence such a mass of light on his sentences as to make them beam with dazzling splendor; or, to change the figure, every word is instinct with electric life, but, sometimes, he lets on from his powerful battery such an overcharge as causes his terse sentences to glow and hiss. Living fires burn and play in them, pent up and intensified to the last degree. Many passages might be brought forward to prove and illustrate these remarks; but I appeal from private judgment to a nobler umpire. It is the prerogative of genius to effect creations which are at once claimed and seized upon as the common property of our race. They become henceforth a part of the current coin of mind, for value, convenience, and ornament. Iron is of great value, but for a circulating medium it is too cumbrous and unwieldy. This is talent. Gold-dust does better; but this is inconvenient in form and liable to adulteration. This may stand for genius diffused. But the highest forms of genius—genius in the exercise of its highest functions—must gather from its own mines the shining dust, and, subjecting them to the power of its hidden crucibles, cast forth the solid coin, already stamped with its own divine “image and superscription.” To be in the best sense popular—to gain and to hold the admiring recognition of the mass of human intelligence—to be as a magnet, itself a center of attraction and making all it touches so—is peculiar to genius. Thought and feeling will instinctively rally there; “where the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together.” It must bear the standard of the marching intelligence of man. It gives the watchword while it slumbers, sounds the reveille when the morning breaks, and shrieks out the inspiring battle-cry in the hour of conflict. These are center-men, in whom the human mind instinctively beholds its own interpreter—high-priests of thought, explaining its mysteries, resolving its enigmas, catching the sub-tones of thought and feeling that murmur faintly through the souls of men, and giving them bold, distinct utterance, setting them to living, sublime, harmonious words. This was the office of fabled Orpheus, to whom woods, seas, rivers, fountains, and air did charmed obedience. The holy Scriptures abound in these splen-

did dicta—“apples of gold in pictures of silver”—microcosmic words, in which a world of beauty and truth is seen in clear miniature—far beyond all other writings. These form the “household words” of civilized man, winged, like seraphim, with light of truth and fire of love, to minister to man struggling amid shadows and grief. Man’s purest, kindest, greatest, most godlike thoughts and feelings find involuntary and happy utterance in them. Like friendly angels, they reach out their hands to clasp those of human souls when they struggle upward from sin and darkness to grasp the pure, the true, the good. Or they resemble drops of morning dew, into which all contiguous particles seek to merge and lose themselves. Next to the Bible, perhaps, Shakspeare excels in the quantity of this intellectual coin—a bank with a prodigious circulation. Milton and Bacon, too, are remembered in many a happy expression of condensed wisdom; memorials these more durable and lovely than marble or brass, inscriptions on living tablets of immortal minds. But there are few writers in the English language who equal John Wesley in this respect. It would be an interesting task to gather up and identify these pithy, nervous, shining, lightning-like expressions of Wesley’s, which have now become the common property of the English mind. Many of them are in use, and nobody asks from whence they came; nor need he. They are cosmopolitan, having no nationality, no home, no “parish” but “the world.” All the claim that any man can hold upon them is in trust for mankind.

It is not the design of the writer of this brief article to present a collection of these still breathing thoughts and burning words of that great and good man, “who by them, though dead, yet speaketh,” but to incite some other one to do it.

A PARAPHRASE OF REVELATION XII, 10.

BY WESLEY MOTT.

HARK! there sounds a mighty voice,
Through the azure vault of heaven;
All ye suffering saints rejoice,
Victory now to you is given;
Heavenly harps ye strike at length,
Wear ye now th’ immortal crown,
Now is come salvation, strength,
God hath cast the accuser down;
He who day and night oppressed,
Filled your anxious souls with care,
With his hellish arts distressed,
Sank you oft in deep despair.
Standing on the eternal shore
Raise exultingly your voice;
Ye shall feel his power no more;
Saints of God, rejoice! rejoice!

DOUBT.

BY M. A. RICE.

STORM-CLOUDS were hanging o'er a heavy sea,
 Nor sun nor stars appeared;
 Yet still sped on a vessel prosperously
 By the slim needle steered;
 When by and by, perplexed
 By the black, starless sky and ocean vexed,
 The helmsman doubted if in storms' control
 The faithful compass pointed to the pole;
 So 'mid the deep, hoarse murmuring of the surge,
 While the strong ship its fearful way did urge,
 With limbs relaxed he ceased the helm to ply,
 Fixing on vacancy his hopeless eye;
 Yet passed that wild storm by, the sea-god deigned
 His furious rage to check;
 But the guide-stars, from out a cloudless sky,
 Looked on an utter wreck.

And one I meet amid the ways of men,
 With questioning, anxious eye,
 He looketh for the natural lights that burn
 In reason's darkened sky;
 But now so much o'ercast
 Is the soul's firmament by passion's blast,
 That doubtful how to guide where tempests play,
 He waits the event, while all things take their way.
 The needle of the Gospel trumpet turns
 To fixed, eternal truths; but that he spurns,
 And for his poor, unstable, darkened thought,
 Casts out the wisdom heavenly love hath taught
 O, on this compass were his thoughts intent,
 Ere faithless rocks his plunging bark hath rent,
 'T would guide him in the safe and open sea!
 Hoarse winds would lull to soft tranquillity,
 Spirits of love the dark clouds back would roll
 From reason's troubled sky,
 And gleams of beauty fall upon the soul,
 From lights that never die.

VISIONARY.

BY ELVIRA PARKER.

THEY mock thy soarings, visionary child,
 Thy thought ecstatic, thy aspirings wild,
 Thy pure perception's sense—
 They scorn the rapture of thy waking dream,
 Though Heaven's own glory and beauty beam
 Through its mute eloquence.

Earth is not Paradise, and all in vain
 Thy lonely spirit would avoid the pain,
 Found in life's thorny ways;
 For all too finely strung thy spirit's chords,
 Moved by the agony or bliss of words,
 For greater strength oft prays.

The wrangling tumult of the noisy crowd,
 Its censure or its acclamations loud,
 Sounds harshly to thy ear.
 'T is a sweet echo, far up and above,
 From the entrancing strains of endless love,
 Thy spirit seeks to hear.

Sad effort oft, for the meteor light
 Flashes but faintly o'er life's chaotic night,
 For hearts profound as thine;

No rich gift is given, or sweet return,
 For the consuming, torturing fires that burn
 On the immortal shrine.

O lofty Genius, strange that thy impress
 So oft should sorrow's martyrdom express,
 What keeps joy's bounty back!
 Earth-born, would'st thou enjoy life's pleasures well,
 Cast from thy heart the all-inthralling spell,
 And tread life's beaten track.

THE SILVER CHALICE.

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

THE morn did her sweet face uplift—
 Beneath her gathering mists did drift,
 And the cool rain was falling swift.
 The flowers, by holy love impelled,
 Drew near to where the brooklets welled,
 And with their waves sweet converse held.

And brooks and flowers smiled again,
 And sang in love the low refrain—
 "How sweet, how gentle is the rain!"

A maiden in the early day,
 Came gliding o'er the flowery way,
 And in her hand a chalice lay.

A silver chalice, frail and light
 As lily's lifted cup of white,
 Or tiny sea-shell's vases bright.

'T was formed with rare and wondrous art,
 Like curling rose-leaves just apart—
 Smile not—it was the maiden's heart.

The lilies bent with bashful grace,
 As by their side the maid did place,
 With tender care, her silver vase.

How sweetly shone her eye of blue,
 Where eager hopes were beaming through;
 "Gather," she said, "Love's precious dew."

The light came down, subdued and dim—
 The rain-drops sang their morning hymn—
 The vase was laden to the brim.

The maiden's hand reached forth to take
 Her chalice, when, by flower and brake,
 Before her came a gliding snake.

'T was rare to see his crest of red
 As lightly to the maid he sped,
 With quivering form and lifted head.

'T was rare to see each rainbow scale
 That clad him like a coat of mail,
 Changing beneath the daylight pale.

And "if thou com'st," the maiden cried,
 "To share my draught, thou'rt not denied"—
 The serpent glided to her side.

He looked into her laughing face—
 Then twined around her silver vase
 And crushed it in his dread embrace.

Ah! had the maiden learned to know
 That *Pride* is Love's most bitter foe,
 She had not felt that crushing woe;

But with the flower and rippling rill
 Had quaffed Love's precious draught at will,
 And borne her silver chalice still.

EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Cabinet.

FULLNESS OF JOY ANTICIPATED.—*"In thy presence is fullness of joy."*—*Psalm xvi, 11.*

What expressive words are these—"fullness of joy!" and yet how inadequate to convey an idea of eternal things! It is only by comparison with facts and scenes with which we are familiar that we can form any conception of those things that are at present hid from us, but the rays of whose beauty we discern in the word of God; which, as it is "a lamp unto our feet, and a light unto our path" through life, shall be a guide through the barriers of death, and a companion beyond.

The following incident, narrated by a Wesleyan, will illustrate this anticipated fullness of joy:

I had landed early, after a very boisterous night, at —, and, after breakfasting on shore, had strolled down to the quay. The night wind had hushed and given place to a lovely morning; the deep, transparent waters of the lough lay still and placid as some landlocked lake glittering in the sun. Our vessel, which but a few hours before had been the sport of every wind and tossed by every wave, now lay still and at rest on the bosom of its enemy: little craft were sprinkled about—no ripple on the water to mar the beauty of their clearly-defined shadow. The gulls and sea-birds, regardless of a populous and bustling city, were skimming over the surface of the deep, just at my feet, scattering the water, like showers of diamonds, with their milk-white wings. I was watching their gambols repeated fathoms below in the clear blue sea, when voices from behind attracted my attention, and I found myself surrounded by a crowd of people, still augmenting by fresh arrivals, and soon learnt the cause in the expectation of the Liverpool steamer. A little group of three behind me were talking so vehemently that I could tell its coming was of intense interest to them. I accosted them and found an aged woman and her two daughters. Her son had left his home when quite a lad for the sea, and occasional reports for his safety had been her only clew to him since latterly he had been engaged in the war: he had been spared through its hardships and perils, and she had learnt that he was one of a party on leave of absence coming by the steamer that day. So, after many long years of separation, here she stood, a mother, on the shores of his native country, on the quay of his native city, to welcome the wanderer to her bosom, to his home. How many nights of weeping and days of anxiety were now to be canceled, and the hopes of years to have fruition! Our conversation was interrupted by cries of, "Here she comes." Upon turning my head I found the vessel in sight: the trail of smoke became more distinct, the deck—crowded with passengers—discernible, and in a few minutes she was at hand. The order is given, "Stop her;" the crowd press to the brink; and, while she lum-

bers to the side, waving of handkerchiefs and shouts of acknowledgment bespeak the meetings of friends; but shrill, and distinct above all, the old woman's voice was heard shouting, "Is he here? Is he here?" A noble fellow stood upon the deck: he waved his hand and cried, "Mother, I am here! Mother, I am here!" It was enough; the old woman sunk into the arms of her daughters. The gangway was thrown across, the passengers instinctively gave way, and her son sprang first across, and was locked in the embraces of his weeping mother. It was a group I shall ever remember: a fine, tall, stalwart man in his sailor's dress, with a bundle in one hand, with the other pressed an aged mother to his breast, while his sisters clung to him, and deep sobs bespoke the intensity of feeling.

Here was a man whose frame and countenance bespoke no fear. He had passed through dangers many, through scenes most harassing; had trod the deck when even the elements were at war; had grappled with the storm as with a mortal foe; had served the gun; had stormed the breach; had carried many a comrade to his last resting-place, while the bodies of the dead and dying had been his highway to victory: but these things moved him not; and yet a woman's grasp overpowers him—he trembles at the touch. O, the electric force of human feeling!

The passengers, at first absorbed by the scene, now began to pass on about their business: the group was carried along by the crowd and lost to me.

The writer adds: Surely, I thought, this is a "fullness of joy" to this family; for what can we imagine more intense than this? Then what an ecstasy of delight may we look forward to in the world to come, inasmuch as eternal things immeasurably surpass temporal; where our enjoyment shall be heightened in its interest and deepened in its intensity by its being everlasting; when we stand in the presence of God, where there are pleasures for evermore! As I retraced my steps home, I felt thankful by this circumstance to have strengthened my conviction that, by seasons of happiness here, the godly may form some dim notion of what is in reserve for them hereafter; that these are antitypes, distorted, it is true, by the crudeness and coarseness of every-day life; but still antitypes of that glorious day, when "they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of water: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

"TASTE AND SEE."—Mr. Newton once said, "Bring a man to see the best covered table in the world, looking at it might gratify his eyes, but would never satisfy his mouth. We must taste before we can see that God is good."

SANCTIFIED TRIALS.—Among the benefits derived from sanctified trials may be named the following:

An increase of self-knowledge. By trials and afflictions we become better acquainted with our own capabilities. It is a training by which our bodily and mental powers are developed. We get to know both what we can bear and what we can do. In this way we are prepared to encounter future difficulties, and to discharge future duties.

Trials lead to a knowledge of our infirmities and deficiencies. They manifest our weakness and ignorance. They show what is least attractive in our mind and habits. They show us what others have long seen, but what, from feelings of delicacy or indifference, they did not like to name. By this means we are saved from self-importance.

Trials lead to a clearer knowledge of our internal corruptions. They bring out the remains of the carnal mind, pride, passion, peevishness, impatience under Divine restraint, unthankfulness for Divine favors.

Trials, therefore, lead us to discover our spiritual necessities. We become acquainted by their means with the blessings we most need. Our prayers become more practical and useful.

Trials lead us to seek for an increase of holiness. Having a clearer sight of our impurities, we are led oftener and with greater earnestness to the fountain open for sin and uncleanness. The blood of Christ which cleanseth from all sin becomes increasingly precious, and the soul is drawn out to pray and to believe for perfect purity. The mind becomes unsatisfied with present attainments, and labors after that rest which remaineth for the people of God—a freedom from sin.

Seeing our infirmities and sins, we are led to guard against them in ourselves, and to speak of the shortcomings of others with greater tenderness and charity. We are thus saved from back-biting and evil-speaking. Having a sense of our own demerit and unworthiness, we are led to cultivate greater contentment in adversity, and to say, "Wherefore should a living man complain, a man for the punishment of his sins?"

Having felt the plague of our own heart, we are induced to urge the pursuit of entire purity upon others. We thus honor God more by setting forth his full salvation; and he honors us more by giving us more of his Spirit, and rendering us more useful both in the Church and in the world.

"THE LAMB OF GOD."—JOHN I, 29—No petition in the Litany is more touchingly beautiful than this, "O Lamb of God, that takest away the sin of the world, have mercy upon us!"

Consider the circumstances of the Baptist's exclamation. By special revelation John knew his Lord; and seeing him walking toward him alone, and unattended, he thus spoke: "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!" As if he had said, "In that humble one I descry the Antitype indicated by the daily sacrifice. He bears a load of imputed guilt, the transgressions of a redeemed world. Regard him well; for he shall increase while I must decrease."

By the telescope of faith, Abel, through the vista of ages, had perceived the same object; and he selected from his flock an offering for the altar of the Highest. So, during all the Jewish economy, a spotless lamb was laid each morning and evening on the golden altar; and it was while the evening sacrifice was being consumed

that the Redeemer yielded up his spirit, and that the veil of the Temple was rent in twain; the one great and all-sufficient sacrifice being then presented unto God.

We find in the book of Revelation the remarkable expression, "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." In God's plan of mercy, and by his own free choice and consent, this Lamb, even amid the glories of heaven, was thus set apart for sacrifice. His infinite atonement accomplished what an eternal holocaust could not have effected: it canceled a world's transgressions. And now, in the midst of the great white throne, Jesus is still the Lamb; the object of adoration to the glorified Church. The marks of his suffering are there amid his triumphal glories. He doth not forget Golgotha and Calvary. "Behold," he saith, "I am he that liveth, and was dead; and lo! I am alive for evermore."

In its lamb-like meekness the character of Christ is set before us as an example. The Christian has "need of patience," and in his Savior he has a Divine model. Here he must be content to follow the example of his great humility; hereafter he shall stand before his throne and join with the whole multitude of the redeemed in ascribing "blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever."

"WHERE SHALL I FLEE."—*"The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?"—Psalm xcvi, 1.*

True piety elevates its possessor in the scale of being, exalts his feelings, dignifies his character, and sanctifies his heart. It provides for us a suitable relief in every trying state. Let us notice *the confidence of the Christian*. "Whom shall I fear?" This is not the language of vain presumption, but the expression of Christian assurance. Whom have we to fear?

God? He is reconciled.—The love of God is shed abroad in the believer's heart, and the possession of love softens the feelings of fear. Shall we be afraid to approach a reconciled Father?

The law? It is satisfied.—Those who trust in the Savior need not fear the curse of the law; its threatenings are averted, and the curse is turned into a blessing.

Satan? He is conquered.—He can go no further than the length of his chain. "The God of peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly."

Afflictions? They are sanctified.—Shall I fear that which comes from my Father, who loves me? Shall I fear that which is sent for my good? Shall I fear that which is sent to promote the spiritual benefit of my soul? The diamond of piety never sparkles so brightly as when the Christian is surrounded with the darkness of affliction.

Death? It is vanquished.—To the believer it is only "the shadow of death;" there is no substantial evil in it. The shadow of a serpent will not sting; the shadow of a lion will not devour; and the shadow of a sword will not kill. Death is only a dark passage that leads to our Father's house. The unbeliever has every thing to fear. God is his enemy; he is under the curse of the law, led captive by the devil; his afflictions are unsanctified, and he is unprepared for death.

"God is my strong salvation;
What for have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My light, my help, is near."

"HEIR OF ALL THINGS."—HEBREWS I, 2.—"Dost thou inquire for the owner of Paradise?" asks a spirit-stirring writer, "O, it is the man with the pierced hand! The crystal waves of the ocean roar His praise; the everlasting hills are delivered unto him. It is Jesus, who sat at the same board with Mary and Martha at Bethany; who is now seated with the Father on his throne." Here, then, is the key-note for a pleasing meditation. Come, Christian reader, let us enjoy it.

St. Paul, writing to the Galatians, says, that "the Heir" is for a season under subjection. So Jesus, that in all things he might be made like unto his brethren, condescended for a while to lay aside his divine glory and dominion. Though he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor. Yet ever and anon during the time of his humiliation we obtain glimpses of his glorious majesty. Once, on Mount Tabor, he assumed for a brief period his robes of glory; and on that occasion two of the most illustrious of the whole multitude of glorified saints attended upon him, and conversed with him respecting the mission of mercy which he was soon to accomplish at Jerusalem. So, again, during his earthly pilgrimage, it was manifest that he held dominion over the unseen world; for on three several occasions he recalled the parted spirit after it had passed the verge of the mysterious hades. On one of these occasions it was a beloved friend whom the Heir of all things reclaimed from the jaws of the grave. "Lazarus, come forth!" And when his propitiatory work was finished, and he was about to resume his glory and to take possession of his mediatorial throne, his last utterance was an assertion of unbounded and universal dominion. "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth; go ye, therefore, and teach all nations." Go to the sultry south, where palms are waving over idol temples; go to the frozen north, where hearts are cold and dead as icebergs; go to the undiscovered prairies of the west, or to the countless isles of the sea; all, all, is mine. Ye can not go beyond my domain.

Think, then, O Christian! what it is to be a "joint-heir" with thy Lord! Yet such is indeed thy state, however lowly may be thy lot on earth, if thou art indeed one with him by adoption. All is thine; for thou art Christ's. Death, itself, stands in the inventory of the things which are thine, and which shall work for thine inconceivable and never-ending good. If a heathen sage could say to one of his friends, "Complain not of thy misfortunes, so long as thou canst call Cæsar thy friend," well may we say, "Complain not," to those whom Jehovah calls his sons; whom the Redeemer acknowledges as his brethren. Faith and patience have been called the traveling graces of the believer. The spirit now given unto him is an earnest of the inheritance which he hopes soon to enjoy with his Lord. Did the heirs of salvation duly realize even their present blessedness, we should hear fewer complaints and lamentations.

It is not, however, till the mystery of God shall be finished, that the heirs of the promises shall enjoy the fullness of their bliss. When the Lord shall reign in Mount Zion, and before his ancients gloriously, then shall all be fulfilled; then shall Jesus and all his joint-heirs rejoice together; and before the Father's throne, throughout the ceaseless ages of eternity shall this song be forever new: "Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever!"

SHORT PRAYERS.—"When ye pray, use not vain repetitions as the heathen do."—Matt. vi, 7.

In 1715 I dined with the Duke of Ormonde at Richmond. We were fourteen at table. There was my Lord Mar, my Lord Jersey, my Lord Arran, my Lord Lansdowne, Sir William Wyndham, Sir Redmond Everard, and Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester. The rest of the company I do not exactly remember. During the dinner there was a jocular dispute—I forget how it arose—concerning short prayers. Sir William Wyndham told us that the shortest prayer he had ever heard was the prayer of a common soldier, just before the battle of Blenheim, "O God, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul!" This was followed by a general laugh. I immediately reflected that such a treatment of the subject was too ludicrous, at least improper, where a learned and religious prelate was one of the company. But I had soon an opportunity of making a different reflection. Atterbury, seeming to join in the conversation, and applying himself to Sir William Wyndham, said, "Your prayer, Sir William, is indeed very short; but I remember another as short, but a much better, offered up likewise by a poor soldier in the same circumstances, 'O God, if in the day of battle I forget thee, do thou not forget me!'" This, as Atterbury pronounced it, with his usual grace and dignity, was a very gentle and polite reproof, and was immediately felt by the whole company.—*Related by Dr. King.*

SELF-ABANDONMENT.—"Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass."—Psalm xxxvii, 5.

There is a passage in the life of Napoleon which illustrates the spirit of self-abandonment required in this verse. It occurred while Marshal Murat was commander-in-chief of the French army in Spain. Murat was ambitious. He desired to place the crown of the Spanish monarchy on his own brow, and was beginning to adapt his policy to his desire. Napoleon detected his aim; but, having other intentions concerning the crown of Spain, he wrote to Murat, saying, "I will attend to your private interests; have no thought of them." It was the Emperor's wish to have the Marshal devote himself exclusively to the rigid execution of his orders; to rely so confidently on his royal master's disposition to secure his personal interests as to exclude all feverish thought of them. It was Murat's part to obey—Napoleon's to reward.

It is to a corresponding abandonment of all his concerns to God that the good Psalmist exhorts in the above strain. As Murat was required to leave the care of his private interests to Napoleon, so the good man is directed to leave his affairs in the hands of Jehovah. "Commit thy way unto the Lord!"—that is, by a solemn act, repeated till it becomes a fixed habit of the mind, commit all thy concerns, temporal and eternal, to the care, direction, and protection of thy Father in heaven. Place thy property, health, life, reputation; thy family, friends, enemies; thy body and thy soul in His hands, to be preserved blessed, afflicted, restrained, or saved as thy need may require, as his wisdom may choose. Keep nothing from him. Renounce all self-reliance. Abandon thyself wholly and forever to his care; yea, "commit thy way unto the Lord."

THERE goes a rumor that I am to be banished. And let it come, if God so will. The other side of the sea is my Father's ground as well as this side.—*Rutherford.*

Notes and Queries.

BULLS AND BLUNDERS OF LITERARY MEN.—Swift writes, "Therefore, I do most earnestly exhort you as Christians, as parents, and as lovers of your country, to read this paper with the utmost attention, or get it read to you by others."

Goldsmith writes to Johnson, "Whenever I write any thing the public make a point to know nothing about it."

"He must have seen in a blaze of blinding light, the vanity and evil, the folly and madness of the worldly or selfish, and the grandeur and truth of the disinterested and Christian life."—*Bards of the Bible*, p. 222.

Mr. Cunningham, for whose most interesting notes to Johnson's "Lives of the Poets" we can not be too grateful, pronounces his author, "The most distinguished of his cotemporaries."—*Preface*.

"Adam, the godliest man of men since born
His sons—the fairest of her daughters, Eve."

Paradise Lost.

An agreeable lady-writer gives us the following extraordinary description of the Russian capital:

"The real and peculiar magnificence of St. Petersburg consists in thus sailing, apparently upon the bosom of the ocean, into a city of palaces."—*Sedgwick's Letters from the Baltic*.

This is a *landslip* with a vengeance.

"The astonished Yahoo, smoking, as well as he could, a cigar, with which he had filled all his pockets!"—*Ten Thousand a-Year*, ch. xiii.

SECOND THOUGHTS NOT ALWAYS BEST.—We hear much said about the "sober second thought;" but if by "sober" is meant *right* thought, then it is clear they are not always the best. Often nature's voice is first heard, afterward the clamor of selfishness and passion only are heard.

Bishop Butler has a fine passage upon this: "In all common, ordinary cases we see intuitively at first view what is our duty, what is the honest part. This is the ground of the observation that the *first thought is often the best*. In these cases doubt and deliberation is itself dishonesty; as it was in Balaam upon the second message. That which is called considering what is our duty in a particular case is very often nothing but endeavoring to explain it away. Thus those courses which, if men would fairly attend to the dictates of their own consciences, they would see to be corruption, excess, oppression, uncharitableness; these are refined upon—things were so and so circumstanced—great difficulties are raised about fixing bounds and degrees; and thus every moral obligation whatever may be evaded."—*Sermon on the Character of Balaam*.

Shenstone, in his *Essays on Men and Manners*, expresses a similar thought:

"Second thoughts often times are the very worst of all thoughts. Third thoughts often coincide with the first, and are generally the best grounded. We first relish nature and the country; then artificial amusements and the city; then become impatient to retire to the country again."

ROBIN A RIE—A GALLOWAY BALLAD.—"The ballads of the people" have more power than armies and navies. Here is an old one we have fished up—"Robin a Rie."

"I dinna like the meg-o-mony-feet,*

Nor the brawnnet† Conocht Worm,

Quoth Mary Lee, as she sat and did greet,

Fechtin' wi' the Storm.

Neither like I the yellow-wamed Ask

'Neath the root o' the auld aik Tree;

Nor the yellow Lizards in the Fog‡ that bask,

But waur I like Robin a Rie.

Hateful it is, to hear the Wut-throat Chark

From aff the auld Feal-Dyke,§

And wha likes the e'enings-singing Lark

Or the auld Mune-bowing Tyke?¶

I hate them—and the ghaist at e'en

That points at me, puir Mary Lee;

But muckle waur, hate I, I ween,

That Vile Chield, Robin a Rie!

Bitterer than the green Bullister¶

Is the heart o' Robin a Rie;

The milk on the Taed's back I wad prefer

To the poisons in his words that be.

O ance I lived happy by yon bonnie burn.

The world was in love wi' me,

But noo I maun sit in the cauld drift and mourn,

And curse black Robin a Rie!

O whudder awa thou bitter, biting blast

That soughs through the scrunity Tree;

And smoor me up in the snaw fu' fast,

And never let the Sun me see.

And never melt awa, thou wreath o' snaw

That's sae kind in graving me,

But hide me aye frae the Scorn and the Guffaw**

O' Villains like Robin a Rie!

"THE MERRIE BELLS OF ENGLAND."—These words have been set to music. To the native Englishman they will awaken sublime recollections of early childhood, home, and country.

"Hark! o'er distant hills resounding,

From the moss-grown tow'rs sublime,

Sweet the Sabbath bells of England

Now are pealing forth their chime.

And through distant hamlets ringing

O'er the wide-spread village plain,

Saying to the weary pilgrims

Come to worship once again.

Wand'ers waken: why now slumber?

Soon again shall peer the star;

Then the priests will cease to wrangle,

And the people cease to war.

Loudly ring, ye bells of England,

And the chimes will soon resound

Echoing through the sandy desert,

Over all the barren ground."

HEALTH.—Which is the healthiest country on the globe, and where do people live the longest?

* Meg-o-mony-Foot—wood-louse.

† Fog—moss.

‡ Tyte—dog.

† Brawnnet—brown and brindle.

§ Feal-Dyke—turf wall.

¶ Green Bullister—unripe wild plum.

** Guffaw—rude, mocking laughter.

ŒCUMENICAL COUNCILS.—The word œcumenical, or, to use the form of Webster, ecumenical, comprises the whole habitable world. An œcumenical council is one that is *universal*.

The Anglican Church, in common with the ancient Universal Church, acknowledges but six œcumenical councils, namely :

	A. D.
i. Nice.....	325
ii. Constantinople, i.....	381
iii. Ephesus.....	431
iv. Chalcedon.....	451
v. Constantinople, ii.....	553
vi. Constantinople, iii.....	680

"These," says Mr. Palmer—*Treatise on the Church*, vol. ii, p. 141—"are the only synods which the Universal Church has ever received and approved as œcumenical."

The Greek Church reckons eight General Councils :

	A. D.
vii. Nice, ii.....	787
viii. Constantinople, iv.....	869

The Roman Church terms the first Council of Lateran an œcumenical council, and acknowledges on the whole twenty General Councils: in addition to those above, they are as follows :

	A. D.
ix. Lateran, i.....	1123
x. Lateran, ii.....	1139
xi. Lateran, iii.....	1179
xii. Lateran, iv.....	1215
xiii. Lyons, i.....	1245
xiv. Lyons, ii.....	1274
xv. Vienna.....	1311
xvi. Constance.....	1414
xvii. Basle.....	1431
xviii. Florence.....	1439
xix. Lateran, v.....	1512
xx. Trent.....	1546

ABRIDGMENT OF A SERMON, which took up an hour in delivering, from these words: "Man is born to trouble."

"My Friends,—

"The subject falls naturally to be divided into four heads:—

"1. Man's entrance into the world.

"2. His progress through the world.

"3. His exit from the world; and

"4. Practical reflections from what may be said. First, then :

"1. Man came into the world naked and bare,

"2. His progress through it is trouble and care,

"3. His exit from it, none can tell where,

"4. But if he does well here, he'll be well there.

"Now I can say no more, my brethren, dear,

Should I preach on this subject from this time to next year. Amen."

ALLITERATION.—A lady—M. O.—correspondent from Illinois, sends the following note from her scrap-book :

"Some thirty years ago there was a satirical poem published entitled 'Terrible Traetoration.' The author's *nom de plume* was Christopher Caustie. In a note, or preface, he says: 'I, Christopher Caustie, censured by critics for my apt alliterations, so artfully allied, presume it is the policy of the penniless poet to polish his puny lays to such a pitch of perfection, that posterity shall place the pithy production—paramount to the peaked point of the pinnacle of the Pierian Parnassus.'"

DEPARTING JOYS.—The following lines have floated in my memory for more than thirty years. Where did they come from?

THOMAS EARL.

VOL. XVII.—44

"The dew-drop is never so clear

As when morning's first ray sees it glisten;

And music is never so sweet

As when to its last note we listen.

Though bright may be rapture's first mien,

And its parting adieu even sweeter;

The enjoyment existing between,

Is a vision, and vanishes fleetly.

We never know how we have loved

Till what we most loved has departed;

For the strength of affection is proved

By the lone and the desolate-hearted.

Our friendships are born but to die;

They are linked to our hearts but to sever;

And like stars shooting down a dark sky,

Shine loveliest when fading forever."

THE NIGHTINGALE'S DAY SONG.—The poet Moore certainly commits a gross blunder in his song entitled, "The Bower of Bendemeer," when he represents the nightingale as singing in the day-time. The song alluded to opens thus :

"There is a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream;

And the *nightingale* sings round it all the day long;

In the time of my childhood it was like a sweet dream,

To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song."

Ornithology teaches us—and its very name implies this—that the nightingale is a bird of the night, and sings *only* in the night. How very absurd, then, it is to talk about the nightingale singing in the day-time! We are almost tempted to believe that the bower that pictured itself so indelibly upon the poet's heart was none other than a patch of nice, tall hazle brush, and that the bird, whose dulcet strains so charmed him, was none other than the sweet-voiced jay, or, if you please, the garrulous black-bird! We say, Mr. Editor, we are *tempted* to believe this. If the poet had been an American, and a resident in the west, we should be certain that this was so.

C. E. H.

QUERIES.—We append a few queries, to which the curious may give response :

1. I want to know what makes nearly every one say "thrible" instead of "triple." I heard a D. D. say so in the pulpit a few Sabbaths ago. Is it in the least correct? If so I wish you would enlighten me, and if not, *do* condemn the offending expression and oblige your nervous correspondent.

A. T. J.

2. When and for what cause did the practice originate of covering mirrors in drapery when a corpse was in the house?

3. We sometimes hear people in religious exercises use the words "angels and archangels," and some qualify the latter by saying "the tallest archangel." Now, I wish to know if there are more archangels than one? and also if one archangel can be taller than another?

E. T. W.

4. Of how many persons was the "watch" that guarded our Savior's sepulcher composed? Were they Romans?

A. L. T.

5. Is John B. Gough the author of a Eulogy on Cold Water, as given in some of our papers? or does the authorship belong to Rev. Paul Denton, as stated in "Tales and Takings?"

A. L. T.

Literary Correspondence from London.

Absorbing Interest of the Indian Outbreak in England—All other Topics merge into it—Little else Written or Read—Dreadful Character and Extent of the Atrocities Perpetrated by the Mutineers—Unparalleled Rage Excited in England—Extent of Reinforcements and Severity of Chastisement Contemplated—Murder of Sir Henry Lawrence—His Noble Character and Vast Services—Letter from the Rev. Wm. Butler, Missionary in India of the Methodist Episcopal Church of America—Expected News of the Fall of Lucknow and Massacre of all the Christians—Noble Conduct of the French Emperor and the Marquis of Dalhousie.

To say that no question, save those that relate more or less directly to India, possesses the slightest general interest for the public mind of England just now, would be to utter the most trite and feeble of truisms. The fact is, all public questions are of interest at this moment; for the profound, all-pervading, all-absorbing emotion—interest is too weak a word—aroused by the occurrences of the last three months in Hindoostan, causes the Indian question to tincture all other topics with its own complexion. Art, science, commerce, literature, politics, the army, the navy—all exist among us at this juncture only in relation to India; and every question pertaining to the world of matter or of mind is discussed only as associated, immediately or remotely, with the events in progress in our eastern empire, their causes, and their consequences. But such association, direct or indirect, is discovered in every question; India links itself with every topic of the day; and every fresh arrival of intelligence thence, bringing a fresh catalogue of atrocities perpetrated, not against our gallant countrymen merely, but against our unoffending countrywomen and their offspring of every age—ay, even against the babe whose age had not yet become the subject of notation at all—fills anew with rage and sorrow every home in England, from the palace of the Queen to the cottage of her humblest subject.

Some topics now before the public associate themselves naturally, and as a matter of course, with the Indian crisis. Thus, the project of railway communication between England and her Asiatic dominions, which was first mooted twenty years ago, has received a vast impulse from the occurrences of the last three months, and will undoubtedly be speedily carried out by some one of the three routes which are now urged on the notice of the public and the Government. Thus, also, the proposal for the establishment of direct telegraphic communication between London and Bombay, and thence to Madras and Calcutta, has recently elicited a unanimous acclaim from the country, and a promise of direct and substantial aid from the Government. But other matters, of themselves not necessarily connected with India at all, are now at once associated in the public mind with the great necessity of the hour. The leviathan steam-ship *Great Eastern*, which now rapidly approaches completion, was formerly never named in connection with India, but excited interest merely from the vastness of her proportions, and the importance of the problem in the science of navigation which she seems destined to solve; but these points are now forgotten, save as they affect the question of immediate reinforcements for our Indian army, and the only question now urged respecting her is—"How

soon will she be ready to take five thousand troops straight from Portsmouth to Calcutta?" The breaking of the Atlantic telegraph wire would seem to have little to do with the Indian mutiny; but it is proposed to turn that very accident to account by employing the two or three thousand miles of cable which are ready made to our hands, and stowed away in the holds of the *Niagara* and the *Agamemnon*, for the construction of the Anglo-Indian telegraph. The annual meeting of the British Association, which has just taken place in Dublin, would not have excited much public interest under existing circumstances, but for the light which its proceedings were expected to shed on the very three projects just named—the great steam-ship, and railway and telegraphic communication with India; and on these points public interest has not been disappointed. Even the elevation of Mr. Macaulay to the peerage was forthwith associated in the public mind with the affairs of our empire in the east, and every-where one heard the exclamation, "At last, then, we shall have a man in Parliament who, possessing a thorough practical and experimental knowledge of India, in addition to the power of the accomplished orator, can tell us all about it in a manner worthy of the theme."

In this state of things, it is scarcely necessary to say that every thing written and every thing read here just now relates to India. Every new work announced with the remotest chance of success professes to enlighten us on some or on all matters connected with the two hundred millions whose homage we claim in Hindoostan. Books on India, which fell still-born from the press a quarter of a century ago, have suddenly acquired vitality, and, emerging from the dust which had gathered above them on the publishers' topmost shelves during the interval, now crowd the shop windows and the stalls at railway stations. The pictorial pages of our illustrated periodicals are filled with sketches of the recent tragical occurrences in India, or of the localities to which those occurrences have given a melancholy notoriety, from the pencils of their own artists and correspondents, a numerous staff of whom are already established in Bengal and the north-western provinces. Even throughout all the towns and cities of continental Europe the Indian outbreak is the great topic of the day; and while, in some quarters, gratification is pretty freely expressed at the alleged probability of the loss of our Asiatic territory, and the consequent subsidence of Great Britain to the level of a third or fourth-rate power, on all sides earnest sympathy is felt for the personal victims of Hindoo and Mussulman atrocity, and genuine admiration avowed for the heroic bearing, the self-reliance, the readiness of resource, and the calm fortitude even in defeat, torture, and death, which have characterized our countrymen throughout in the unequal contest with the far-outnumbering masses of the treacherous and barbarous foe.

But, O! what sympathy, what admiration can appease the grief or calm the indignation and rage with which we listen to muttered hints—for the shuddering horror alike of speaker and hearer will endure nothing more—of the hellish enormities perpetrated during three months past, and doubtless still in course of perpetration, against

our friends and relatives in the east!—enormities for which human language has no name—which no sacked and burning town ever witnessed in any age of the world's history before—which now confront Heaven for the first time since crime commenced to walk the earth! How unspeakable must those horrors be, to escape which the young wife prays for death at the hand of her husband, nor prays for it in vain! How unutterable the anguish of that last clinging embrace when the gallant Skene, having with his single arm piled a heap of dead before him—his heroic wife loading his revolvers and rifles—finding at last all his efforts ineffectual, anticipated the coming rush which must have torn her from his side, by clasping her for one moment in his arms, and then putting his last bullet but one through her heart, and accompanying her in death by discharging the last of all into his own brain! Each fresh arrival of the overland mail acquaints us with a score of new occurrences like this, and private letters contain dark hints of wholesale atrocities which the victims were not so fortunate as to escape by death, till the universal heart of England bursts, and every man within its four seas, the minister of religion and the private citizen equally with the professional soldier—every one with a single drop of manly blood in his arm and a ringle manly feeling in his bosom, for the moment longs to be in India, to strike one blow to avenge our dishonored and butchered countrywomen.

But as we can not all undertake the Indian voyage, we must be content to dispatch our representatives; and of these a pretty numerous and efficient body have been for some time on their way, and have in fact already commenced to arrive at Calcutta. The extent of our efforts in this way hitherto may be briefly stated. The troops originally destined for China, but intercepted by the Governor-General of India, for service in the latter territory, with the regiments hurried off to Calcutta from the garrisons of the Mauritius, Ceylon, and the Cape of Good Hope, amount to about six thousand men. Thirty-one thousand were dispatched from England and Ireland between the middle of June and the close of August; and eight thousand more are at this moment preparing to embark at various ports of the United Kingdom. This will represent the total reinforcements at forty-five thousand men of all arms—infantry, cavalry, and artillery—which, added to the thirty thousand British troops in India at the period of the outbreak, would make a grand total of seventy-five thousand. Allowance, however, must be made for losses by sickness and the casualties of war; and the total of the European troops in India, when the last of those now under orders shall have reached that country, can therefore scarcely be reckoned at much above sixty-five thousand. Further reinforcements, however, will be forwarded as soon as they can be spared by our army at home, which is now being largely augmented by recruiting; and within six months from this time the European forces in India will amount to little, if at all, short of a hundred thousand sabers and bayonets. As it is, every day henceforward will probably add a fresh battalion to their numbers, for some of those which sailed early in June from England have doubtless by this time reached the Ganges and commenced their northward march, whither the successive arrivals will continuously follow in their track. The mood in which they will encounter the foe renders it very unlikely that they will inumber themselves with prisoners. In a recent conflict before Delhi, as a body of the Sixti-

eth—Queen's—Rifles were advancing at the charge against ten times their number of the mutineers, the words were passed along the line by the men, "*Remember the ladies and the babies.*" That they *did* remember them may be judged from the fact that, though none of the mutineers escaped back to Delhi, the Rifles brought no prisoners into camp. Since then many other occurrences, in which "ladies and babies" were concerned, have taken place, and will doubtless be "remembered" at the proper time. The three successive massacres at Cawnpore, and half a dozen other similar atrocities, have not tended to allay the previous indignation of our men, and the retribution that will be inflicted will probably amount to little less than the utter extinction of the military classes of Hindoos and Mussulmans throughout all those provinces of India to which the outburst has extended. That there exists little wish at home that our soldiery should be restrained in the infliction of this terrible vengeance, I need scarcely say. As an indication of the public mind on this point, take a few lines from the first leader of the Examiner of last Saturday, the ablest and most influential of the secular weekly London papers. The passages which I quote speak the sentiments of every man in England:

"Nothing new from India. We are reminded of the celebrated question of Demosthenes. Nothing new! What can be newer than that the wives and daughters of Englishmen have been sold by auction, by public cant, in the market-place of an Indian town, sold not into chains and slavery like the enviable negroes, but to death and torments, nor even to torments and death only, but outrages and barbarities worse than a hundred deaths, only to be faintly whispered in corners for their unutterable enormity; tales that torture the very tongue that breathes and the ear that hears them?"

"Nothing new from India! The tale of Cawnpore is news enough, one would think, for a short week; nay, subdivide it into chapters, and there is tragedy enough in it for a month or a twelvemonth. Show us the ear that is most voracious of horrible intelligence, and we engage to glut it with the exploits of Nena Sahib. Here is intelligence for our countrymen to feed, if not to fatten on. Here is news to 'stiffen the sinews' of no feeble branch of the human family—to 'summon up the blood' of no white-livered nation—to lend the Anglo-Saxon eye 'a terrible aspect' wherever the race exists over the globe."

The writer then proceeds to narrate some of the barbarities described in published letters, and to hint at others which are known to have been perpetrated, but which even a secular journal dare not record in detail; and quotes the statement of Judge Halliburton, author of *Sam Slick*, at a public meeting here some time ago, that "all the tortures inflicted by the 'red devils' of the American forest, were merely childish when compared with the outrages which are now being committed in India." The Examiner's conclusion is, that "for these things there must be a meet and therefore terrible retribution. These are not affronts admitting of small satisfactions, and cases for the secondary punishments. The occasion calls for a monumental severity, and the indications that resound through centuries." All England indorses the sentiment.

Turning from the question of personal outrage and individual suffering, to that of the damage of the state, the loss hitherto sustained by England and India is very

great; not the mere pecuniary loss, though that has not been small, but the loss of many of the ablest and most illustrious men that ever served any country in a public capacity. Through every country of Asia and Europe the name of Sir Henry Lawrence was known and honored alike for his great military skill and daring, his boundless sagacity and marvelous success as a civil administrator, his profound knowledge of the Hindoo and Musulman character, habits, and languages, his life-long devotion to the improvement of India and the enlightenment and elevation of its thousand races, and the consistent exhibition in his own private character and conduct of the graces and virtues of the Christian and the gentleman. On a certain day in June he wrote to General Sir Hugh Wheeler—a man in many respects almost as wise and great as himself—"You are a tower of strength to us at this juncture." In a few days after, both these noble pillars of the state were laid in the dust—Sir Henry Lawrence at Lucknow, and Sir Hugh Wheeler at Cawnpore. The latter, happily for himself, died of a wound received in actual conflict, and was spared the anguish of witnessing and participating in the butchery of his little garrison, and four or five hundred women and children, a few days after, by that human fiend named above in the extract from the Examiner, Nena Sahib. A more painful lot fell to Sir Henry Lawrence. Besieged at Lucknow by a force of mutineers estimated at fifteen to twenty thousand, he held the city with a couple of hundred Europeans and several battalions of sepoy, and anxiously looked for relief. The loyal professions of his sepoy induced him to accede to their request that he would place himself and his Europeans at their head and lead them in a sortie against the besiegers. Scarcely, however, had he arrived in front of the enemy and given the order to charge, when his own sepoy fired on him and his little band of Englishmen from the rear, at the same time that he was assailed by the hostile camp in front. Desperately wounded by the fire of the double-dyed traitors on whose loyalty he had relied, but retaining his seat in the saddle, he rallied his Europeans and cut his way back to the city through the miscreants who had betrayed him, but died of his wounds a few days after. Some idea of the loss we have sustained by the death of this great man may be formed from the following estimate of him by a man not less great, though in a different walk, the Rev. Dr. Duff. Writing from Calcutta the Doctor says:

"It is impossible for me to express the grief of heart I feel in recording the death of Sir Henry Lawrence. In him were singularly blended the heroic chivalry of the old Greek, and the inflexible sternness of the old Roman, in happy combination with the tenderness of a patriarch, and the benevolence of a Christian philanthropist. In him the native army, through whose murderous treachery he prematurely fell, has lost its greatest benefactor; while the girls' and boys' schools, founded by his munificence on the heights of the Himalayas, of Mount Aboo, and of the Nialgherries, must testify through coming ages to the depth and liveliness of his interest in the welfare of the British soldier's family in this burning foreign clime. I mourn over him as a personal friend—one whose friendship resembled what we sometimes meet with in romance, rather than what we meet in actual every-day life. I mourn over him as one of the truest, sincerest, and most liberal supporters of our Calcutta mission. I mourn over him as the heaviest loss which

British India could possibly sustain in the very midst of the most terrible crisis of her history."

Such was Sir Henry Lawrence, and so he perished by "the murderous treachery" of the men of whom he was "the greatest benefactor." O that we could annihilate time and space, and set down in upper India this day some forty thousand of the avenging host!

A deeply interesting letter to the editors of the Watchman from the Rev. William Butler, of the New England conference, Superintendent of the Indian Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, has just been published in that journal. Mr. Butler and his family escaped from the city of Bareilly, in Rohilkund, just before the outbreak of the mutiny there, but has lost all his property, including his valuable library, which he had been compelled to leave in charge of four native Christians, one of whom was a local preacher. These poor men were murdered by the mutineers, with all the other Christians who had remained in the place, and all the valuable property which was not easily portable was utterly destroyed. Mr. Butler's letter will doubtless be republished in America, and will be perused by many readers of the Ladies' Repository before they can see these lines; so that it is unnecessary to make any copious extracts from it here. One brief passage, however, may be admitted, as giving the view taken by an American citizen of English society and English rule in India. Mr. Butler treats as mere shallow pretenses the allegations of the sepoy that the Government had determined to make them Christians by means of the greased cartridges, and to convert them by fraud and violence in other ways; but he states, as showing that the natives do really dread Christianity as destined to supersede Hindooism and Mohammedanism there, that "the dread of the ascendancy of Christianity in this land, and of the consequent downfall of their unholy systems, is a thought that is entertained more or less by every native mind in India. The Christian labors of fifty years past have begun to bear fruit. They have stamped their impress upon the moral character of the Anglo-Saxons in India, elevating them from secularity and debasement to a position in which the responsibilities of the Christian character are both acknowledged and acted upon. For, I am free to say, after a tolerably wide-range of observation, that I am acquainted with no community where, according to their numbers, you can find more of 'the excellent of the earth,' than among the civil and military servants of the East India Company. There is something about their Christianity that is masculine and decided, and entirely free from cant or hypocrisy. Christianity has laid its hand on the Government, and withdrawn its patronage from idolatry, and its presence and sanction from the revenues and festivals of heathenism. It has gone farther, and has taken hold of the legislation of India—customs and laws that have been intact for thousands of years it has of late dared to abrogate forever. The suttee, infanticide, and polygamy have been warned of their doom; and caste itself is both disrespected and threatened. But Christianity has advanced its right to sanctify the education of the rising generation—and the memorable 'Dispatch' of the Court of Directors two years ago has, to some extent, acknowledged the right."

So far this is a cheering picture which Mr. Butler draws; and the facts which he summarizes respecting the increasing influence of Christianity among the civil and

military servants of the East India Company, as well as among the native races, seem to shed a beam of gladdening light on the future of India, even through the gloom, the "thick darkness that may be felt," of the present hour, and to induce the belief that the grand consummation at which he points as follows, in the concluding paragraph of his deeply interesting letter, may possibly be very much more close at hand than we, who merely gaze at the present terrible procession of events in India from the distance of England and America, can venture to hope:

"This whole affair seems to be one of the last efforts of hell to retain its relaxing grasp on India. Undoubtedly India is the most valuable jewel in the crown of 'the god of this world.' Nor will he tamely surrender it. Mighty conflicts await those who will wrestle for this noble prize. But it will be worth it all. Beautiful India! may God have mercy upon thee! He *will* arise, and have mercy upon her. For, not more certain is it that the Koh-i-noor, which once shone in the crown of the 'Great Mogul,' and ornamented the forehead of 'the Lion of the Punjaub,' now blazes in far greater splendor on the brow of your Christian Queen, than that India, like her brightest gem, shall yet 'rise and shine' with peculiar glory, foremost in the diadem of the Son of God! Amen."

What, all about India? Yes; all about the only topic on which any man or woman in England can dwell this day, of all the days that have come since the commencement of the outbreak. This day the heart of England is on the rack, for the telegraphic dispatch from Trieste in anticipation of the overland mail is due—is now overdue by nearly a dozen hours—is momentarily looked for—and is expected to bring intelligence of the fall of Lucknow and of the enactment of a tragedy there in comparison with which the Cawnpore butchery loses half its horrors. Sir Henry Lawrence had, as I have stated, but two hundred British soldiers at Lucknow, and even that number would probably be diminished one-half in the desperate contest which would precede the capture of the city by the besieging mutineers, so that the miscreants would not have more than one hundred of our soldiers to murder in cold blood. But a large number of European civilians have settled in the city since the annexation of Oude, and the European population has been further increased by refugees from other places since the commencement of the present troubles; so that, should

Lucknow have fallen, as is generally anticipated, the dispatch now due will in all probability bring tidings of a tragedy which will shock the whole civilized world. Nor have we the slightest anticipation that it will acquaint us with the fall of Delhi to our own troops, as a set-off against the loss of Lucknow. The forces under the command of General Reid before Delhi are still far too few to justify an assault, to be followed by the fearful bloodshed of fighting with the whole city full of insurgents which must follow from the entrance of the British troops into the place. It is much more likely, on the contrary, that the third commander-in-chief of the Indian army who has reached that post since the commencement of the siege will, like his two predecessors, sink under the fatigue and responsibility of his position, and Gen. Reid be laid beside Sir Henry Barnard and Sir George Anson in their humble grave outside the walls of Delhi.

A movement was inaugurated at the Mansion-house the other day, and a subscription-list opened, for the assistance of the sufferers from loss of property in India, many of whom are utterly ruined in a pecuniary sense. The country is nobly responding to the call of the metropolis, and meetings are being held in every town and city to organize local efforts for this purpose. One of the first large contributions, however, came neither from town nor country in England, but from Paris, whence the Emperor Louis Napoleon forwarded a subscription of £1,000—or \$5,000—from himself, and £400—or \$2,000—contributed by the Imperial Guard; accompanying the donations with a graceful acknowledgment of the generosity of England in contributing to the relief of the sufferers from the inundations in France last year. A telegraphic dispatch from Balmoral Castle, in the highlands, where our own royal family are staying at present, has just announced a subscription of £1,000 from the Queen and £300 from Prince Albert. But, greatest and noblest of all has been the conduct of Lord Dalhousie, who came home from India last year, after having been Governor-General nine years. His vast services in that capacity were rewarded by his elevation in the peerage from the rank of earl to that of marquis, and a pension of £5,000—or \$25,000—per annum for life. The pension was an object to him, as he is not a rich man; yet he has munificently transferred the entire sum—not one year's pension merely, but the whole sum so long as he shall live, to the fund for the relief of our suffering countrymen and countrywomen in India.

New York Literary Correspondence.

A SINGULAR literary workshop has been recently thrown open to the curious in Paris. For some years past one Count Eugene de Mirecourt has been making a handsome income and considerable noise in the Paris world of letters by the publication of a series of fictitious biographies of living celebrities. His gallery—as he modestly calls it—included authors, artists, musicians, public men of all kinds and shades of form and reputation. Balzac, Sue, Girardin, Victor Hugo, Veron, Rachel, Messrs. Alexander Dumas, father and son, Jules Janin, Madame George Sand, Rose Cheri, Rosa Bonheur, all these and many more have fallen under the dissecting knife of the

ingenious De Mirecourt. For this gentleman did not go into biography in the usual stupid way practiced on this side the water—which may be called the "mutual admiration" style—but actually dissected his subjects, showing up in the most delightful and entertaining way every little foible, and weakness, and slip of the individual who, for the time being, engaged the attention of this delightful Frenchman. Over one hundred different lives he has thus taken first and last. Each little volume of scandal and gossip has for prefix a correct copperplate engraving of him or her whose life is taken within, and the whole set is gotten up in a neat and tasteful manner,

in fancy paper covers, in the "popular reading" style. Many thousand copies of each little life are sold. The piquant scandal and artistically arranged incidents suit the popular fancy. The lives of the two Dumas have already run through five or six editions, besides having nearly caused a duel between De Mirecourt and Dumas fils—which incident also is faithfully recounted in the life of the young gentleman.

The fact is, the biographer gets little thanks from the biographized. Men of letters, artists, politicians, and public men generally are not generally irreproachable in their lives, and do not willingly see their little indiscretions, make-shifts, and shams laid open to the public gaze. Lawsuits have been the consequence. Messieurs De Girardin, Dumas pere, and Gustave Plauche have all invoked the aid of the law to suppress M. Mirecourt and his book—all to no effect, however, for awhile. The lively Count changed his quarters, reprinted his books, and laughed anew at his pursuers.

At last one scandal-monger is in prison. But even from here he continues his issues of gossip; and finding himself abused of all the journals—hated of the journalists, he, with virtuous indignation, threatens to establish a journal of his own, wherein he promises to defend himself and vindicate his innocence before the great public of Paris.

His last special battle was fought with Madame George Sand, who evidently came off "second best." I spoke of an attempt at a duel with Dumas the younger. This came to pass some ten or twelve years ago, when that ingenious writer—the elder Dumas—was working at double and treble tides, busily spinning fiction for those great journals, the *Siecle*, the *Presse*, the *Debats*, and many more, working so diligently that in the year 1845 alone, over sixty printed volumes were turned out of that strange workshop. It came to pass, then, that some prying soul bethought him of a calculation. The prying soul was M. de Mirecourt, and his calculation simply this: It is certain that the most skillful copyist in the world, working steadily for twelve hours in the day, can barely finish sixty ordinary pages of print, that being at the rate of five octavo volumes in the month, and sixty in the year; supposing always the unhappy scribe to be in a manner writing for his life, not halting for a single second. Now the world may take it for granted that M. Alexandre must have had other occupation besides romance-writing. There were his plays, visits, amusements, and *petits soupers*, to say nothing of the famous fusil and the great toy-house, or Monte Christo Castle. For these, one half at least of the twelve hours must be set aside, leaving thirty volumes for the modest product of the year's labor; still supposing its calligraphy pure and simple, sheer hodman's work, wrought *en grand galop*.

Having so happy a text, M. de Mirecourt proceeded with all speed to bury the hatchet, and sent forth presently a little book bearing title, *The Firm of Alexander Dumas & Co.* Herein were set forth the whole secrets of that prison-house. How Macquet had furnished, as per order, plot, incident, every thing, to Monte Christo and Reine Marcot, the Trois Mousquetaires, and their bulky sequels; to the Chevaliers d'Harmenthal and Maison Rouge both; to the Dame de Montseureau; in short, to all the most striking and effective of the Dumas repertoire. How Paul Maurice supplied Ascanio, the Deux Dianas, and Amaury, all complete, fitted with upholstery and

decoration. How Fiorentino, the Italian, brought in the sparkling chronicles of Corricolo and Speronare. How the popular Balsamo Memoirs were openly filched from the *Revue Britannique*, and Albine from an old German romance. How Gerard de Nerval, Theophile Gautier, Emile Souvestre, with a host of others, have labored for him at the innumerable dramas that bear his name. With these facts the curious have been for some time familiar. The world, too, has had its suspicions, and looks distrustfully on the great name as though associated with certain charlatan influences.

And now comes the most surprising incident of this curious passage of literary history. As was hinted at the commencement, the even tenor of M. de Mirecourt's life has been much disturbed latterly. The unhappy chronicler has been leading a sort of Cain-like existence, every man's hand being lifted against him, and furnished with a stone against occasion serve. He is waging desperately a kind of guerilla warfare, as it were, from behind rocks and trees. Fierce diatribes, fines, decrees, have been showered plentifully upon him, so that he may be said to lead the life of a dog, or some wretched hunted hound. But the most cruel blow was to come from within—from a traitor and deserter. Some two months since a little blue pamphlet stole into the world, born of one Peter Mazerolle, bearing title, *The Firm of de Mirecourt & Co.* Here is ample and unreserved confession, every thing told with delightful candor, by one who lived beneath M. de Mirecourt's roof and ate of his salt. From him it is to be gathered that there is no such party as De Mirecourt, but there is Jacquot—plain Jacquot of that ilk. It is also here unfolded how the said Jacquot, when flaying the *Sieur Dumas* so pitilessly for sending forth books not his own under his proper style and titles, had all the while been pursuing the self-same course, having collaborators, aids-de-camp, and other assistants of his own, to do the work. It is here revealed that of these hundred and thirty biographies, scarcely forty have been written by delusive Jacquot himself; that of these forty, Heaven only knows how few have not been stolen wholesale from old journals and forgotten books. That the collaboration was conducted much after this fashion: the informer going about questioning, as it were, lying in wait for critics and literary people, decoying them into corners, and entrapping them into short histories concerning the subject then being written up. Or Jacquot would invite likely people to certain little dinners, or *petits soupers*, pumping them adroitly, while the collaborator took notes diligently under his napkin, these little piquant anecdotes going in for seasoning to the biography. Sometimes there came a dearth of anecdotes, and the biography languished hopelessly; this, too, after all the usual recognized sources had been tried. There was then nothing for it but to fall back upon such humble inventive talents as the writers might happen to possess. This our king's evidence states to have been done most freely and unscrupulously, he who had the most fertile imagination being the best man among the gay company of literary forgers. How Dumas must crow at this!

The sixth annual conference of the British Mormons was held lately in London. They seem to have had a jolly time enough—the reports made of their proceedings being rather of the richest. I read that Elder George Read recited a piece about "The Bishops' Banquet," describing the good living of the right reverend

prelates—a recitation which was immediately followed by the Mormonite “refreshments,” apples and pears on damp and dirty “waiters,” with little cakes and biscuits, which were stale and unsavory. These were washed down by copious draughts of pump-water from large jugs. Another elder then indulged in “a little harmony” about “Sleepy Parsons,” the chorus to which was—

“Heigho! you sleepy parsons!
Ha! ha! ha! what a lark,
After all your college learning
You will find you’re in the dark!”

The very reverend elder gave this song with much vigor, to the air of a well-known negro melody, “O, Savannah, do n’t you cry for me,” and he added to the effort by vigorous slaps of his hands upon his stalwart thighs, after the most approved fashion of the Ethiopian serenaders. The effort was very much relished by the audience, who loudly applauded.

Sister Pearce and several other sisters subsequently sang, after which an elder, with a strong Yankee brogue, advised the sisters to sell off all their ornaments, which took them so long every day to dust, and to put the money into the emigration fund, to enable them to “gather out of Babylon;” that is, to leave England for Utah. The apostle, Orson Pratt, then gave the “sisters” some advice on the subject of marriage:

He said that marriage, if celebrated by the Mormon Church, which alone had full authority, extended not only till death, but throughout eternity. He urged them not to marry men not Mormons, or else when they awoke in the day of judgment they would find themselves without husbands, and be obliged to remain single throughout eternity. This he described to be a horrible eventuality, and propounded the doctrine that a propagation of spirits would go on in a future world, just as the propagation of our species goes on in this.

Mormonism rather astonishes our good English brethren. It is a pitch of nonsense to which they had not looked.

Looking through a late number of the London Athenæum, my eye falls upon the following advertisement:

“A gentleman has written a poem, which, with the egotism of his class, he considers worthy of publication. Any eccentric lady or gentleman—N. B. None but an eccentric person was ever known to do so benevolent an act—who will advance £20 or £30 for the purpose, will be hailed as a ‘friend in need.’ Address M. E., Post-office, Clifton, near Bristol.”

A French work, just published at Brussels, and to be republished here, contains, among other interesting matter, a collection of aphorisms concerning women, by various authors, mostly French. A few of these may interest your readers. The name of the author precedes each:

Daniel Sterne. Most women are endowed with such naturally endearing charms, that even their presence is generally beneficial.

Madame de Staël. Love, in a woman’s life, is a history; in a man’s, an episode.

Catalani. Only he who has nothing to hope from a woman, is truly sincere in her praise.

Duclos. Great and rare offerings are found almost exclusively among women; nearly all the happiness and most blessed moments in love are of their creating, and so also in friendship, especially when it follows love.

Michelet. It is a universal rule, which, as far as I

know, has no exception, that great men always resemble their mothers, who impress their mental and physical mark upon their sons.

J. J. Rousseau. Men can better philosophize on the human heart, but women can read it better.

Chamfort. In the choice of a lover, a woman considers more how he appears in the eyes of other women than in her own. Love is more pleasing than matrimony, just as romance is more entertaining than history.

Bougucart. If we speak ill of the sex generally, they will all rise against us; if we do the same of an individual woman, they will all agree with us.

Charles Lemesle. Most of their faults women owe to us, while we are indebted to them for most of our better qualities.

Alphonse Karr. Say of a woman that she is wicked, obstinate, frivolous, but add that she is beautiful, and be assured that she will ever think kindly of you. Say that she is good, kind, virtuous, sensible, but—very homely, and she will never forgive you in her life. “She has a forehead of ivory, eyes of sapphire, eyebrows and hair of ebony, cheeks of damask roses, coral lips, and teeth of pearl.” Such a description, and it is frequently made, might tempt a thief, but not an honest man.

Madame de Maintenon. In every thing that women write there will be thousands of faults against grammar, but also to a certainty always a charm never to be found in the letters of men.

Stahl. No woman, even the most intellectual, believes herself decidedly homely. This self-deception is natural, for there are some most charming women without a particle of beauty.

Octave Feuillet. Providence has so ordained it that only two women have a true interest in the happiness of a man—his own mother and the mother of his children.

Mr. Thackeray’s new work, the *Virginians*, is to be commenced in November. It is understood that the Harpers will republish it in this country, in their Magazine, by special arrangement with the author; also that its earlier scenes will be laid in America, and that English life of the middle of the last century will be laid under the knife of this accomplished dissector of manners and society.

The publication of Dr. Livingston’s work has been postponed till November 10th. I have been permitted to look through the numerous engravings, prepared from original designs, by Dr. L., for this book. They picture forth a life so strange, so weird, so uncouth, that one can hardly believe these sketches to be aught more than imaginary. Verily truth is stranger than fiction.

There is comparatively little talk of new books.

J. W. de Forrester, the author of an entertaining and lively book of travels, called “*Oriental Acquaintance*,” has in press a second volume, equally lively, which he calls *European Acquaintance*.

The Harpers have in press a new work by Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, a story called *Lucy Howard*. Mrs. Sigourney’s admirers, among whom I believe are many of the fair readers of the Repository, will doubtless look for her story with interest.

“*The Apocalypse of Haschieh*,” a volume announced by the Harpers, also is, I am informed, a thrilling narrative of the experiences and mental tortures of a young American who became addicted to the use of that fatal drug, the *cannabis indica*. Able critics speak of it as having all the interest of De Quincey’s *Opium-Eater*.

Items, Literary, Scientific, and Religious.

ROCKFORD WESLEYAN SEMINARY.—The corner-stone of this institution was laid during the late session of the Rock River conference. The seminary building will be one hundred and twenty-five feet long, five stories high, with an extension seventy by forty feet, and four stories high. A joint-stock corporation purchased two hundred and forty acres of land, laid them out in lots around the ten acre seminary reservation, and so assessed them that the valuation would be \$70,000. The stock represents these lots. Fifty-seven thousand dollars of the stock is already taken. The foundation will be laid this fall, and the seminary building erected next year.

METHODISM IN NORWAY.—Mr. Willerup gives a very encouraging account of the progress of his mission. Its influence is spreading among the masses of the people, and there are deep awakenings and sound conversions at almost every meeting. At Sharpsburg, the center of the mission, the infant Church, out of its deep poverty, is contributing liberally toward building a beautiful village church, with a steeple, according to the custom of the country. It will cost about \$2,500. They have also purchased a lot at Frederieshold for \$600, and are building a plain edifice, which will cost about \$800. This they hope, at some future time, to move back and make it a school-house, and build a good church on the lot. The mission has already one hundred and forty-nine members, twelve class-leaders, four local preachers, and one colporteur. There is much opposition, particularly among the clergy, and many of the converts leave Norway in order to enjoy the religious liberty of America.

DEATH OF REV. DR. WINANS.—Our readers are already apprised of the death of this eminent minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. He was licensed to preach August 29, 1808; and died August 31, 1857—having been in the ministry just forty-nine years. He was a native of western Pennsylvania, where he was born in 1788; he emigrated to Mississippi in 1810. His field of ministerial labor lay in the Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana conferences, as they now stand upon the map. When he entered the work there were but ten itinerants and five hundred and nine members; now there are over three hundred itinerants and about eighty thousand members within these bounds. Like most of the early Methodist preachers, he was abundant in labors and endured many hardships for the cause of Christ. We saw him and heard him preach during the memorable General conference of 1844, in which he took an active part. His style was plain, but he dealt in practical home truths. His personal appearance and manners were somewhat rough, and, to say the least, not very attractive. But we are inclined to think, that beneath that somewhat rough and harsh exterior dwelt a heart of broad sympathies and noble impulses. We know of no literary remains except a volume of published sermons, which we have never seen.

DEATH OF REV. J. B. FINLEY.—Another of "the fathers" has fallen asleep. The west—nay, Methodism has raised up no more truly heroic pioneer—none who abounded more in labors, in the ardency of his zeal, or the fearlessness of his spirit—than James B. Finley. His

name has become a household word in the Church. He was born in North Carolina, in 1781, entered the ministry in 1810, and died September 7, 1857, in the bosom of his family, at Eaton, O. He was an author as well as preacher. His works are, *Prison Life*, *Autobiography*, *Sketches of Western Methodism*, and *Life Among the Indians*. His name will never fade from the annals of Methodism.

THE NEXT GENERAL CONFERENCE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH.—This body is to assemble in May, 1858. Several changes in its economy are proposed. The first is a change in its name. It proposes to drop the word "South," and assume the style of "Episcopal Wesleyan Methodist Church," or "American Methodist Episcopal Church." The next thing proposed is to relieve the Southern Book Concern from the support of the bishops, and to assess the amount upon the annual conferences. The third is to dispense with the tract organization, and to fall back upon the old methods of circulating the literature of the Church. In addition to the above, though we see no announcement of such purpose, we suppose we may add the rescinding of the "General Rule on Slavery," which ambiguous, much misunderstood, and much abused Rule, will scarcely weather the storm of another southern General conference.

INDIANA ASBURY UNIVERSITY.—The friends of this institution will be glad to learn that it has entered upon the collegiate year under the most favorable prospects. An unusual number of new students have entered its various classes. We learn, through the President of the Board of Trustees, that the removal of the college, a project which was mentioned in a former number, has never been brought to the consideration of the Board.

HILLSBORO FEMALE COLLEGE.—This institution, under the style and title of Oakland Female College, has been long and favorably known to the public. From its foundation it has been under the supervision of Rev. J. M'D. Mathews, A. M. The friends of the institution, encouraged by its success, have recently erected, at an expense of over \$30,000, one of the most beautiful and commanding edifices ever devoted to such purposes. The celebration of the semi-centennial of the founding of Hillsboro occurred in connection with the dedication of the college edifice, on the third of October. The Masons, Oddfellows, and citizens generally participated in the exercises. It was an occasion of uncommon interest.

DEATH OF AUGUSTE COMPTE.—The founder of the school called "Positive Philosophy," is now numbered with the celebrated dead of 1857. He was sixty years old. At the age of fourteen he began to see visions of political and social reform, and under the tutorship of the celebrated St. Simon, made rapid progress in philosophical studies. In 1826, when twenty-nine years of age, Comte was attacked by a fit of insanity; from which, however, he soon recovered. He afterward became a teacher of mathematics in Paris, and was for a long time tutor at the Polytechnic school. For a number of years he gave gratuitous lectures in Positive Philosophy, on

Sundays, during six months of the year, and not long since published an elaborate exposition of his doctrines. This work acquired some notoriety in this country for the time; but soon sunk into deserved neglect. M. Compté was a materialist; so firm a one that a critic once said of him, that "he looked to the realm of the finite to discern the infinite, and because he did not succeed, denied the infinite altogether."

INDEX EXPURGATORIUS OF THE SOUTH.—The trustees of Mississippi College have put themselves on record by a formal resolution, passed on the second of July, in the following terms:

"Resolved, That the trustees of Mississippi College do hereby condemn the teachings of Dr. Wayland, in his 'Moral Science,' on the subject of African slavery, and that the faculty of the College be requested to discontinue the use of Wayland's Moral Science as a textbook."

The Examiner, in commenting on the above, says: "History, if it should chance to notice their record at all, must turn it inside out, and make it express the real fact of interest, namely, Mississippi College is condemned by the acknowledged standards of moral science."

The above is another sad indication of the desperate efforts being put forth in the south to drill the conscience of the people into the support of a system that wars alike against all the nobler instincts of humanity and the teachings of religion.

CHINESE MATRIMONIAL ARRANGEMENTS.—Dr. Medhurst, while traveling in China, near Woo-Yen, found a custom prevailing, which gives us a glimpse of some of the peculiarities of Chinese family arrangements. He met an old woman who was making a great lamentation for the death of an intended son-in-law. Having made inquiry about the circumstance, he learned, when yet an infant, the young person had been taken into her house in order to be reared there, that when he grew up he should marry her daughter. "There had been," he was told, "an exchange; the one family having two sons, and the other two daughters, born within a few years of each other; and thus, to suit the convenience of both, this family parted with a daughter, to become the future bride of one of the sons of that family; while the other son of that family was transferred, to become the future bridegroom of the remaining daughter of this."

EDUCATION OF THE INSANE IN SCOTLAND.—From the Report of the Scottish Lunacy Commission, we learn that "the education of the insane has been carried out with most encouraging success in several Scottish asylums, particularly those of Dumfries and Perth. Among the higher or educated classes there are patients in these asylums who have studied French, German, Dutch, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; botany, geology, entomology, and other branches of natural history; English literature and history; theory of music, and the use of the organ, piano, concertina, violin, and other musical instruments; drawing, embroidery, etc.; while among the lower or pauper classes, patients have made solid acquisitions in reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, history, and music, besides learning shoemaking, carpentry, weaving, and other trades." This is truly a humanitarian triumph. It leads us to inquire what may not yet be achieved by education to ameliorate the condition of every suffering class of our race!

DISTANCES OF THE FIXED STARS.—The nearest fixed star to our earth is Alpha Centauri, which is seen only in the southern hemisphere. It is twenty million million miles from us.

A star in the Swan, known as 61 Cygni, is sixty million million.

Sirius, "the dog-star," is eighty million million.

A small star in the leg of the Great Bear, is about the same distance.

The bright star in the constellation Lyra—called Alpha Lyra—is one hundred and twenty million million.

The North star is about two hundred million million.

It is difficult to obtain a clear conception of these distances. If the swiftest "lightning train" that ever thundered over a railway, had started from our earth for the nearest star the moment Adam was born, and been shooting onward—say at the rate of fifty miles an hour—with unceasing motion to the present moment, it would have traveled only 2,565,366,000 miles. It would then have 19,997,434,634,000 miles to travel, and be obliged to continue its journey, at the same speed, 45,656,243 years before it would reach the nearest fixed star! Or, to put the matter in another light, suppose 7,780 stations were fixed at equal distances along the route, the train now, in 1857, would have just reached the first station! Seven thousand, seven hundred and seventy-nine would yet remain!

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY AS AN AUTHOR.—A recent British Review says: After the novelists, and after Mr. Macaulay, Archbishop Whately is, perhaps, the English writer of the nineteenth century who has been most read. Between his first and his last publication forty-six years have passed, during few of which, perhaps during none, has his pen been unemployed. The mere catalogue of his works fills six pages. Several of them have reached a tenth edition—one a fourteenth; many are text-books in our universities and schools, and, from the elementary nature of their subjects—from their containing the rudiments of most of the mental sciences and of the mental arts—they have exercised, and continue to exercise, more influence over the opinions and over the moral and intellectual habits of those who are now actively engaged in public and in professional life, than can be attributed to the labors of any other living author.

AN ANCIENT CHINESE TOWN.—Hoo-chow, the center of one of the most important of Chinese branches of industry, is believed to be a very old town. It is spoken of, under the name of Yang-chow, as existing during the reign of Yu, who ruled, according to the native chronology, at a time corresponding to our B. C. 2205, or one hundred and forty-three years after the flood, and three hundred and fifty years before the death of Noah, if we take the received method of Scripture chronology—Noah having been born, according to the usual reckoning, about B. C. 2948—Gen. v, 28, 29—and having died at the age of nine hundred and fifty—Gen. ix, 28, 29—in 1998 B. C. This date assigned to Hoo-chow, though evidently very erroneous, implies the great antiquity of the city, around which, from time immemorial, the Chinese have cultivated their gardens of mulberry-trees, and gathered abundance of silk. It is situated pleasantly on the Great Canal, to the south of the T'hae-hoo, or Great Lake, from which it is said to derive its name. The city, in its present form, is believed to have been built about A. D. 620.

Literary Notices.

NEW BOOKS.

ONE of the western agents placed upon our table the *Memoir of Rev. Wm. Gurley*, by his son, the Rev. L. B. Gurley, of the North Ohio conference. The work was published in 1850, but never before came under our special notice. Having now read the entire volume, we place it among our very best biographies. Mr. Gurley was an Irishman by birth—having been born in Wexford, in 1757. He was a man of simple, unostentatious piety.

Mr. G. was a local preacher, and a prominent member of the society in Wexford, when the storm of revolution burst forth in Ireland, in 1798. During this revolution Mr. G. was imprisoned by the Papists, and had several narrow escapes. But in the midst of all, the serenity of Christian faith never for one moment forsook him. The whole scene of the revolution forms several chapters of deeply interesting narrative—shocking, but instructive. We give one of these horrible pictures—"the martyrdom of Sculabogue:"

"The residence of a Mr. King, of Sculabogue, was made a depot, or place of confinement for persons arrested by the insurgent army. His house and barn were both so occupied. The prisoners were of all ages and both sexes; they were guarded by three hundred rebels, who were posted there for the purpose. It was several miles from Ross. The battle of Ross had been raging about two hours, when the stern resistance they met with from the loyal troops so enraged priest Philip Roach, who was associated with Harvy in command, that, out of pure revenge, it was determined to murder the prisoners at Sculabogue.

"About six o'clock in the morning, a rebel, direct from the battle of Ross, galloped up toward the place, and when within hearing of the guard, shouted aloud, 'Destroy the prisoners! destroy the prisoners! Our friends are all cut off at Ross.' But the captain of the guard replied that it should not be done without written orders from the Commander-in-chief. One hour after another express arrived, proclaiming, 'Our friends are all destroyed. Murder all the prisoners!' But the same answer was returned. At ten o'clock a third messenger came running on foot, crying, 'The PRIEST has sent orders to put all the prisoners to death!'

"The dwelling-house contained thirty-seven men. The barn was of brick, covered with a thatch roof, with small windows. There were in the barn one hundred and eighty-four persons. Some few were Roman Catholics, who were suspected of being 'informers,' but had not been tried or proved guilty; but the most were Protestants. The doors of the building were strongly barricaded, and guards without kept watch. Here were the gray-haired sire and the blooming girl of seventeen—the husband, the wife, and the infant at the breast. And now, not the National Council, not the Commander-in-chief, but the 'priest' sends word to 'destroy the prisoners.' This was sufficient; it must be right, for their holy spiritual father had ordered it; and the infallibility of their Church was not to be doubted. It was only the extirpation of heretics, and this, in the eyes of the whole Church and the Pope himself, would be regarded as a meritorious act.

"Deliberately, as if preparing for their daily work, the rebel guards now strip off their coats, tie bundles of straw, bring ladders, light torches, while half their number stand under loaded arms. An oblation is now to be made to the spirit of Popery—an offering of peculiar merit. It was not sufficient that the mangled forms of brave men, cloven down in battle, should be laid in heaps at her shrine; the sacrifice is not perfect, till the blood, and bones, and ashes of unresisting men, tender women, and sinless babes, are laid on her altar. Falling upon their knees, a short and hurried prayer is offered to the holy Virgin; a fresh unction, but not from heaven, is poured into their craven hearts, to prepare them for deeds which 'dare not seek repentance.'

"Now, husband, take your last fond embrace, and, with your fainting wives, look to heaven, your only refuge. Now, mothers, press for the last time to your throbbing bosoms your cherub babes; they will soon be angels.

"From the door of the cottage now issue, under a strong guard, thirty-seven men; their hands are tied behind them. Slowly they march out to the skirts of a beautiful orchard; and placed in a row, they kneel down on the grass to await the word of command which shall seal their fate. But no word is given. A wave of the officer's sword is seen; a hundred muskets ring on the air and echo from the distant hills. Slowly the cloud of smoke rises from the earth, and there, stretched on the green turf, quivering in death, or writhing in anguish, lay the unfortunate martyrs; from their heaving bosoms the last torrent was streaming. The ready pikes finished the tragic work, and the spirits of thirty-seven mortals are on their flight together to that world where there is no more death.

"Scarcely had the last groan from without died away on the ear, when the command was given to 'fire the barn.' Instantly the ready torches were applied to the thatch of the building—bundles of blazing straw were thrust into the windows, which instantly communicated the fire to the combustibles within. The desperate victims now rushed to the door, and made a powerful effort to escape; but, alas! in vain. At this moment a woman, trusting to the humanity of the rebels, wrapped a garment around her infant, and threw it out of a window, in hope that some one would pity it; but a rebel darted his pike through its tender body, and bearing it aloft on his dreadful weapon, thrust it back into the flames, with a most fearful and horrid oath. In two minutes the barn was one dense mass of smoke and flame. And now there rose to heaven one loud, long, piercing shriek of utter despair, succeeded by dismal groans and stifled cries of mercy! mercy! Slowly died away the wailings of the martyrs, till no voice within broke the dread roaring of the flames, which now, bursting through the combustible roof, towered high in air mid volumes of ascending smoke. No tears of pity filled the eyes of the murderers—no sigh of compassion burst from their stony bosoms—but, through apertures of the barn, they thrust their pikes into the burning bodies, and gloried in their dreadful crimes."

Plundered of all his worldly possessions, Mr. Gurley

sought an asylum in this new world. In 1812 we find him cultivating his farm in northern Ohio, when the news of Gen. Hull's disgraceful surrender of the north-western army arrived. This opens a new chapter in the eventful life of this good man.

"Three days after, while Mr. Gurley and family were seated around the dinner-table, enjoying the luxuries of a good garden, the first fruits of their own soil, a messenger arrived at the door, and announced the startling intelligence: 'Hull has surrendered to the British. Detroit is taken; and the British commander has sent word to the frontiers that they must take care of themselves, for that he could not control the Indians; and that all the settlers must repair to the block-house that night, and started the next day for the "old settlements."' "

"This news fell on their ears like a thunder-bolt from heaven; for a moment the whole circle was dumb with consternation. Mr. and Mrs. Gurley looked at each other in speechless agony. The dread silence was broken by the children, exclaiming, 'Father, will the Indians kill us? will the Indians kill us?' The tragic end of murdered neighbors was fresh in their recollection. Mr. Gurley calmed his frightened children by replying, 'God knows: but I trust he will not let us be hurt.' A gush of tears now came to relieve the almost bursting heart of Mrs. Gurley. Her mind took in at one comprehensive glance, the wreck of hopes, the ruin of property, and struggles with misfortune, which must ensue. But recollecting it was no time to indulge in unavailing grief, but to rouse all her energies to meet the difficulties which awaited them, she promptly commenced preparing for a hasty flight.

"After burying a considerable portion of their furniture, clothing, and all their books, Mr. Gurley and family took leave of the place where a short time before they had settled with such pleasing prospects. The sun was just setting behind a watery cloud when the flying company reached the last house of the settlements; this was the 'Comstock' farm, about two miles from Milan, in the direction of Mansfield. Here the several families halted, and were just turning loose their teams to pasture, intending to stay there that night, when suddenly an express arrived with the alarming intelligence that the British and Indians were landing at the mouth of Huron river, which was but eight miles distant. Once more the company renewed their journey. Forty miles of wilderness, uncheered by any human dwelling, lay between them and Mansfield. The road was merely a track blazed through the thick forest; the swamps and streams unbridged. The rough and miry condition of the roads being but illy adapted for the use of horses, Mr. Gurley had employed a man, with a yoke of oxen, to take the family through to Mount Vernon. Before the oxen one of Mr. Gurley's horses was harnessed, to aid in drawing the wagon, while another was ridden by one of the family. During supper, a man was seen by some of the company to mount the latter animal, and to ride off at full trot. This was the last Mr. Gurley saw of his horse.

"Having penetrated six miles into the forest, the road became exceedingly bad. The horse frequently plunged and floundered, and the steady oxen could move but slowly through the swampy soil. At length the driver became disheartened; most of the teams had passed on before him; and, fearing he might be overtaken by the Indians, whom it was thought were most likely in pur-

suit, he drove his wagon a little out of the track, tied the horse to a tree, and, with his oxen, unceremoniously departed.

"Thus were Mr. Gurley, his wife, and five children, two of whom were sick with chills and fever, left alone, without any apparent means of either subsistence or escape. To stay there would be starvation; to go back was, most likely, to be tomahawked; to go forward seemed impossible. In about an hour a man with a loaded cart came up, and Mr. G. persuaded him to permit his wife and child to ride in his conveyance, and to let his little boy, a lad of eight years, accompany them, and ride occasionally, when the roads would permit; while he would remain with the other children till morning, when he hoped to find some way of taking them on; and, as a last resort, they had the remaining horse. The man employed to convey Mrs. Gurley, permitted her to ride about two miles; he then stopped, and informed her that he could take her no further; that he feared he could not get through with her safely; and that, although he was sorry for her, she had better return to her husband while she could. Mrs. Gurley did not remonstrate; her heart was too full. She had already begun to reproach herself for leaving the rest of the family, especially the girls, sick and motherless; and she therefore instantly resolved to grope her way back through the swampy wilderness, to live or die with them. Mrs. Gurley was a delicate woman, unused till recently to hardship or toil; but clasping her babe closer to her breast, with her little boy at her side, holding to her cloak, she commenced her lonely walk back to the wagon.

"It was now about midnight; the rain gently descended and pattered on the leaves of the spreading beech. The moon broke not through the sullen clouds. Yet it was not very difficult to keep the track made by the wheels through the thick underbrush of the dense forest,

'The passing fire-fly's vivid beam
Decked darkness with a transient gleam.'

The owl's wild scream fell on her ear, and notwithstanding their knowledge of its origin, carried a panic to their fearful hearts. As she threaded the narrow and often crooked defile through the overshadowing trees, the scenes of other years rolled over the mind of Mrs. Gurley. She thought of the home of her happy childhood; the friends separated from her by many a mile of forest and many a league of ocean; and as she compared the bright hopes of life's joyous morning, with her present condition and dangers, she felt that her cup was full; and her emotions were such as may not be described.

"Equally indescribable were the feelings of Mr. Gurley, as, weary and dripping with rain, his companion threw her child into his arms, and sunk down exhausted at his feet. After a few moments Mrs. Gurley so far recovered as to enter the wagon, where, after laying aside her wet cloak, she threw her slender form on a bed, and gave vent to her feelings in a flood of tears. That, indeed, was an affecting moment, in a dark and houseless forest; blood-thirsty savages every moment expected, while near forty miles of an unbroken wilderness lay between them and any place of safety. Now was a time to exercise faith; to trust in God.

"Mr. Gurley paused till the first gush of emotion had subsided; he then addressed his weeping companion in a soothing tone of voice, and words of encouragement: 'My love,' said he, 'we have tried every way in our

power to save ourselves; but in vain. The prospect is bad enough, indeed; but let us not despair. God has promised he will never leave nor forsake us. Let us, then, look to him who has hitherto been our help in time of trouble.' He then knelt down in the wagon and lifted up his voice to heaven in prayer.

"As he proceeded in supplication his earnestness increased. His soul swelled with unutterable emotion. Kindled with reviving courage, his voice rose to its fullest swell, and its tones of pathos and harmony echoed through the silent shades around. 'Son of the living God,' he exclaimed, 'thou hast hitherto been our refuge; and surely thou wilt provide in this, our affliction, a way for our escape.'

"After prayer Mrs. Gurley was calm; she seemed to feel the efficacy of prayer. The tempest of emotion that had disturbed her soul was hushed, and she sunk into a quiet slumber. Mr. Gurley took his stand as a sentinel, beneath the spreading foliage of a large tree, a few yards from the wagon, and waited with solicitude the coming day. As the day dawned he struck a fire, and made preparation for a morning meal, which his wife and eldest daughter provided. Just as they were sitting down, a neighbor, who had been detained by an accident, came up. It was Dr. Hastings, a respectable physician and intimate acquaintance. Having broken his wagon in crossing the river, he had been obliged to leave it, and, with a large family, mounted on both horses and oxen, they were making their way to a place of security. The tears of both families freely flowed, as they met and embraced in the hour of their misfortunes. The Doctor proposed, that if Mr. Gurley would throw out the household goods which he had brought, so that both families could occupy the wagon, he would hitch his team, and so get through the wilderness. To this Mr. Gurley cheerfully consented; and, prompted by his natural vivacity, he endeavored to throw a ray of pleasantry on the gloom which prevailed. 'Yes, Doctor,' said he, 'Satan spoke the truth for once, when he said, "All that a man hath will he give for his life."' The goods were accordingly thrown out at the side of the wagon. Feather-beds, bedding, carpet, table-furniture, etc., were thrown in one promiscuous pile. The children covered them slightly with spice-brush branches. They were picked up, afterward, by returning travelers, and were never recovered."

Western Book Concern: Cincinnati. 12mo., 268 pages.

HISTORY OF WESLEYAN METHODISM. By George Smith, F. A. S.—The first volume of this history is now before us. It is confined to the times of John Wesley. After bringing the history down to the death of Wesley, several chapters are devoted to a review of the religious character of Wesley, Wesleyan theology and evangelization, Wesleyan discipline, Wesleyan literature, and Wesleyan Methodism a great reformation. The work gives many interesting facts in the history of the Wesleyan reformation, not found in other works. The author, who is a most indefatigable explorer in the departments of ecclesiastical and historical literature, has turned to good purpose all that could be gleaned from pamphlets, letters, and special minutes of the British conference, not known to previous writers on Methodism. This volume contains a *fac simile* of a letter of Southey, addressed to James Nichols, in which he promises to get out a revised edition of his *Life of Wesley*—correcting the errors pointed out by Alexander Knox, and others.

That promise would no doubt have been fulfilled but for the death of Southey. The revised edition of his works was left to his son, a bigoted Churchman, and, to his everlasting dishonor, the promised corrections were suppressed by him. Isaac Taylor is passed through the hands of Mr. Smith in a very summary manner; and comes out in a rather sad plight. The crowded state of our columns, this month, will not admit of the space we would like to devote to this important work. It makes an 8vo. of 750 pages; and is published by Longman, Brown & Co., London.

THE HARMONY OF THE DIVINE DISPENSATION is an 8vo. of 360 pages, by the same author, and from the same publishers. This is a series of nine discourses, designed to show the spirituality, efficacy, and harmony of the Divine revelations made to mankind.

THE WESLEYAN LOCAL PREACHER'S MANUAL comprises a series of lectures, designed especially for the use of lay preachers, Sunday school teachers, and Christian students. After an introductory lecture, defining the local preacher and his work, follow a number on Biblical science, theology, Church history, criticism, and interpretation, and on preaching. The author, George Smith, F. A. S., is a local preacher in the Wesleyan Methodist connection, in England. London: John Mason, at the Wesleyan Book Concern. 8vo., 576 pages.

PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW is ever welcome to our table. Its contents for August are, 1. Bacon's Essays—Whately. 2. Isaac Watts. 3. French Treatment of Criminals. 4. Interior of China—Medhurst and Fortune. 5. Scottish Lunacy Commission. 6. English Metrical Critics. 7. The Marriage and Divorce Bill. 8. Early Christian Songs in the East and West. 9. Inspiration. 10. The Indian Crisis. Published by L. Scott & Co., New York city, at \$3 per annum.

THE METHODIST QUARTERLY, for October, contains, 1. The Sunday School in its Relations to the Church—an excellent and useful paper from Dr. McClintock. 2. Slavery—a pungent and caustic article, showing up the self-deceptions of the slaveholder, and the subterfuges of the slavery apologists, in a strong light. 3. Milton as a Reformer—from the pen of Rev. F. H. Newhall, A. M.—is ably written. 4. The Doctrine of Assurance, by Rev. John Miley, A. M. The real point at issue is clearly defined, and discussed with a conclusiveness that admits of no appeal. 5. The Natural Revolutions of Language—not read. 6. Pharmakides and the Ecclesiastical Independence of Greece, by H. M. Baird, A. M.; 7. Final Destruction of the Earth by Fire, by Prof. Cobleigh; 8. Life and Times of William III, of England, by N. Rounds, D. D.; 9. The Bible and Slavery, by Rev. C. Adams, A. M.—are each valuable and able papers. The latter is a review of Dr. Elliott's late work—"The Bible and Slavery"—which it not only indorses as to its general sentiments, but pronounces "one of the very best and ablest books that has yet been issued from the press on the relation of the Bible to slavery." The editorial departments are made up with Dr. Whedon's usual skill and ability. It is a fine number—the last of the present volume. We shall be disappointed if an immensely increased circulation does not await the Quarterly the first of January next.

Mirror of Apothegm, Wit, Repartee, and Anecdote.

HOW GUIZOT GOT MARRIED.—The wife of Guizot was said to be a woman of remarkable intellect. The circumstances of their marriage were somewhat romantic.

Born of a distinguished family, which had been ruined by the revolution, Mademoiselle Pauline de Meulan had found resources in an education as solid as varied, and to support her family had thrown herself into the trying career of journalism. At the period in question she was editing the *Publiciste*. A serious malady, brought on by excess of toil, obliged her to desist from her labors.

Her situation was a cruel one; she was almost in despair, when one day she received an anonymous letter, in which, while she was besought to preserve her tranquillity, an offer was made of discharging her task during the continuance of her sickness. The letter was accompanied by an article admirably written, the ideas and the style of which, by a refinement of delicacy, were exactly modeled upon her own. She accepted the article, published it, and regularly received a similar contribution till her restoration to health.

Profoundly affected by the incident, she related it in the saloon of M. Suard, exhausting her mind in endeavors to discover her unknown friend, and never thinking of a pale, serious young man, with whom she was scarcely acquainted, and who listened to her in silence as she pursued her conjectures. Earnestly supplicating through the columns of the journal to reveal himself, the generous incognito at last went in person to receive his well-merited thanks. It was the same young man just alluded to; and five years afterward Mademoiselle de Meulan took the name of Madame Guizot.

SETTING A TUNE TO POLITICS.—Dr. Wise, the musician, being requested to subscribe his name to a petition against an expected prorogation of Parliament in the reign of Charles II, wittily answered, "No, gentlemen, it is not my business to meddle with state affairs; but I'll set a tune to the petition, if you please."

WEBER AT A REHEARSAL.—On one occasion, at a rehearsal, Weber said to the performers, "I am very sorry you take so much trouble." "O, not at all," was the reply. "Yes," he added, "but I say yest—dat is, for why you take de trouble to sing so many notes dat are not in de book."

THE PAPIST'S RETORT.—The walls of Bandon, in Ireland, having been demolished by the Irish then in arms, the Catholics were forbidden to enter the town; and the following words set up in 1689, by the inhabitants:

"A Turk, a Jew, or atheist, may enter here, but not a Papist," are memorable as an interdict long blazoned on its gates. The Catholics, in derision and humor, added in chalk the following couplet:

"Whoever wrote these words, he wrote them well;
The same are written on the gates of hell."

ANECDOTE OF LYMAN BEECHER.—The Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher, some years since, was going home one night with a volume of an encyclopedia under his arm, when he saw a small animal standing in his path. The Doctor knew

that it was a skunk, but very imprudently hurled the book at him. The skunk, as might have been expected, opened his battery with a return of fire so well directed that the divine was glad to retreat. When he arrived at home, his friends could scarcely come near him, and his clothes were so infected that he was obliged to bury them.

Some time after this, some one published a pamphlet, speaking very abusively of the worthy Doctor, who was asked, "Why don't you publish a book, and put him down at once?" His reply was prompt and wise: "Sir, I have learnt better. Some years ago I issued a whole quarto volume against a skunk, and I got the worst of it. I never mean to try the experiment again."

BUTLER'S MONUMENT.—The following epigram, on the monument erected to the memory of the author of *Hudibras*, is from the pen of the Rev. Samuel Wesley:

"While Butler, needy wretch, was yet alive,
No generous patron would a dinner give.
See him, when starved to death and turn'd to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust.
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown—
He ask'd for bread, and he received a stone."

AN EPIGRAPH FROM PUNCH.—A parody on Gray's *Elegy*, "written in a railway station" by Punch, closes with an epitaph *not out of season*.

"Here lies, the gilt rubbed off his sordid earth,
A man whom fortune made to fashion known;
Though void alike of breeding, parts, or birth,
God mammon early marked him for his own.

Large was his fortune, but he bought it dear;
What he won foully he did freely spend.
He plundered no one knows how much a year,
But chancery o'ertook him in the end.

No further seek his frailties to disclose;
For many of his sins should share the load:
While he kept rising, who asked how he rose?
While we could reap, what cared we how he sowed?"

EPIGRAMS FROM THE GERMAN OF LESSING.—We group a few of these:

MENDAX.

See yonder goes old Mendax, telling lies
To that good easy man with whom he's walking;
How know I that? you ask, with some surprise;
Why, do n't you see, my friend, the fellow's talking.

THE DEAD MISER.

From the grave where dead Gripeall, the miser, reposes,
What a villainous odor invades all our noses!
It can't be his *body* alone—in the hole
They have certainly buried the usurer's *soul*.

ON FELL.

While Fell was reposing himself on the hay,
A reptile conceal'd bit his leg as he lay;
But all venom himself, of the wound he made light,
And got well, while the scorpion died of the bite.

THE BAD ORATOR.

So vile your grimace, and so croaking your speech,
One scarcely can tell if you're laughing or crying;
Were you fix'd on one's funeral sermon to preach,
The bare apprehension would keep one from dying.

Sideboard for Children.

FROM the communications for the "Sideboard" we glean as many as we can find space for in this number:

IN Mariposa, California, there lived a large-eyed, beautiful little prattler—Mary Cañon. One evening, when all was silent, she looked up anxiously into the face of her backslidden father—who had ceased to pray in his family—and said, "Pa, is God dead?" "No, my child; why did you ask me that?" "Why, pa, you never talk to him now as you used to do."

These words haunted him till he was reclaimed. He related the incident to me while I was traveling that circuit.

J. P.

ONE of our presiding elders was asking a little boy, about two years old, a few questions, which we will report for your "Sideboard." "Who made you, George?" "God." "He made your hands, did n't he, George? and your eyes?" "Yes." Here the little theologian paused and then asked his interrogator: "Do God smoke?" "No, he do n't smoke." "Has he pipe gone out?" The last question stumped our learned elder.

We subjoin another. As George lay in bed wondering at the moon one night, he asked his father, with no little emphasis: "Pa, who put that moon up there?" "God did, my son." "But, pa, how did God get down again?"

J. P. H.

A NEPHEW of mine, about two and a half years of age, was trying, under the tuition of his mother, to pronounce the word umbrella. He called it umbreller. "Not umbreller," said his mother, "but *um-brel-la*." "Umbrel-la," said he; "that's good talk—not dunce talk."

The same lad, standing by the window as he was going to bed and looking at the stars, was taught to repeat:

"Twinkle, twinkle little star," etc.

"Ma," said he, "if I could get hold of that star I would hold it in my hand and look at it; then I would lay it on the floor and look at it; and then I would shut it up in a little box and put it away."

F. E. J.

"AUGUSTA," said our little Jesse of less than three years, "I'm going to get up on the top of the house, then I'll reach up and take down a star in my hand and give it to you."

C.

We have a little daughter of five years, as we think, somewhat precocious. A few evenings since she was watching the gorgeous clouds in the west while they were tinged with the glory of the setting sun. Turning to her mother she pointed to them and said: "Ma, is that where they go into heaven?" She evidently thought the glory of heaven was rushing out the open gateway and bathing the clouds around it.

S. C.

OUR little Alice Cary, only fourteen months old, whose language is not only "lame" but limited, was looking, the other evening, at the moon—whose broad, bright face she views with a great deal of apparent pleasure—which being suddenly obscured by a passing cloud she exclaimed, "By-by!"

M. E. P.

LITTLE Lizzie K., of three summers, had been in the habit of admiring the full moon, but lately seeing it in crescent form, just after its new phase, she exclaimed in wonder, "God's broke the moon!"

She was gazing steadily at the stars one evening, and then gave her idea of the manner in which God made them, as follows: "God takes a tin cup and cuts out the stars, and then

lights them." Quite equal that to the philosophy of some men who think themselves wise.

W. R. G.

LITTLE Emma B., nearly four years old, was out at play a few evenings since when a violent storm was coming up the sky. Her mother becoming anxious about the little one, went to call her. A violent clap of thunder rent the air, and she met little Emma at the door dreadfully frightened, when she immediately began, "O ma, ma, I so fighly, I so fighly!" "Why are you frightened, my dear? God makes the thunder and he would not hurt you." "O ma, me sink he fighly *herself* 'is time!"

W. E. T.

LITTLE Annie, my niece, is just on the hither edge of three years. She has a younger sister, Lily, and there was a brother, Charlie, but he has *gone on*. Annie talked in this wise: "Lily, little brother Charlie's gone to heab'n—he's singin', 'There is a happy land'—you be a good girl and you may go to heab'n some time and set by little Charlie, *but you must set still*."

J. H. L.

It was a very clear, bright day, and I sat with my sewing near the open door, while little Ada busied herself with her playthings by my side. Presently a loud report of a cannon struck on her ear, and she, looking up with much surprise into the cloudless skies, and thinking it thunder, without the usual accompanying warning clouds, eagerly spoke out, "Ma, won't God have to run real fast to get away from the rain?"

H. E. F.

OUR little girl, two and a half years old, is very fond of looking at the rainbow, and, like other children of her age, she asks a great many curious questions about it. The other evening, while sitting in the front door, she saw a bright opening in a very dark cloud that was passing over, and, supposing it to be a rainbow, called out, "Ma! O ma! I see nudder elbow in a sky!"

H. S.

AN acquaintance of mine had a little boy of some three summers. Living near by was a man, who was generally known by the name of "Seneca," and who, at times, became quite intoxicated. The little boy at one time, after having closely watched the singular movements of the drunken man, approached his mother, and with great earnestness said, "Ma, does Seneca get drunk?" The mother hesitated giving an answer. In a moment the question was again asked with still greater earnestness, to which the mother replied, "Sometimes, my child." "Well," said the boy, "I wish God would n't make any more Senecas."

The same mother has also a bright little girl. One day as she stood before the mirror clasping a gold pin, the child looked up and exclaimed, "See! ma is putting on her little god!" Are not "little gods" tempting even Methodists to idolatry?

E.

HAVING no smart children of my own—indeed, luckless wight, I have n't as much as a wife—I have "scissored" from memory two little stories I have somewhere read. One is pretty, the other "cute."

At evening a child stood gazing at a blue, cloudless, starlit sky, evidently absorbed in its own tiny thoughts. "What are you thinking of, my child?" asked the parent. "O, ma, how pretty the inside must be!" replied the child. He had evidently been thinking that the sky we mortals gaze upon is the outside of heaven.

A child had made a stool, no two of the legs of which were of a length. While in vain trying to make it stand upon the floor, he looked in his mother's face and asked, "Does God see every thing?" "Yes, my child." "Well," replied the son, "I guess he will laugh when he sees this stool." A. B. C.

Editor's Table.

WE ARE EACH WRITING AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.—“We are closing up and want your notes,” fell upon our ear to-day, and awoke a train of thought which entirely displaced any miscellaneous notes that might have been intended.

“Closing up” is an expressive phrase, stereotyped in the art of the printer. He “closes up” a page, a form, a number, or a volume, as the case may be. Then the types are set; their position is fixed; what they shall express is determined; and the printer's work is done.

So we, dear reader—you and I—are constantly “closing up” successive periods of life. And as each is closed up, it is also stereotyped to be changed no more; and its impression is forever stamped upon that many-leaved book—the memory. We are not only living a life, but we are writing a biography. The simple volume of life—the autobiography which each individual is now writing—can be neither lost nor forgotten; for it is written upon the very texture of the soul. And as the soul moves forward through all the ages of coming eternity, it shall carry along with it the marvelous record of its former life. Other books may become dingy with age, but no lapse of time or of eternity can obscure a single page in this. From other books offensive passages may be stricken—whole pages and chapters may be recast; but from this book nothing can be stricken—no part of it can be annulled—no part changed! O, then, let passages, and pages, and chapters of beauty, and love, and purity, be written upon the memory, that in the ages to come they may be read, and reread with ever-increasing delight! Then shall the memories of the past furnish one of the sublimest sources of felicity to the soul as it journeys onward to the consummation of its destiny.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF COLUMBUS IN SPAIN.—The bold features of our engraving of the great discoverer, are beautifully blended with his history, in the preceding pages of this number. But we here add one or two pictures. The first appearance of Columbus in Spain is thus described by Mr. Myers: At the gate of the Franciscan convent of La Rabida, just above Palos, in Andalusia, in the autumn of 1486, stands a stranger—a foreigner—a sailor—begging bread and water for a little boy, whom he is leading in his hand. A noble-looking man is he; of lofty bearing, yet poorly dressed; with small liquid eyes enkindling in speech; not old, but with hair already white. Wayworn and careworn he looks, all dusty and threadbare, his boy hungry and footsore; altogether pitiable and remarkable: this is he who afterward revealed the existence of a new world to the knowledge of civilized man—Christopher Columbus. That boy was his son, Diego. As he is eating and resting the prior of the convent comes up and enters into conversation with him, and asks news of him; he converses, but seems to know little of any news the prior wants to know. All his talk is of the sea, and of what is beyond it. The prior is struck with the strangeness and fervor of this foreign wayfarer; how much his talk is above his dress, and yet how the bearing and look of the man are so in keeping with his talk. And so he sus-

pects that he is entertaining a great man unawares; he therefore further presses him to be his guest; and his suspicions becoming stronger every hour, he sends for the most intelligent man of the neighborhood—a physician of Palos—to meet him. He comes; they sup. The prior and the physician draw out the stranger into prolonged talk, who gradually unfolds to them the wildest seeming, yet not foolish, project—a project which he has for seeking a new world in the west. Hour after hour wears away while this man talks—talks, did I say? rather reasons, discourses, pleads. They listen delighted and amazed; for the rough mariner blends his enthusiasm most uncommonly with science, and with learning, and with piety. His earnestness is intense, and withal his intellect is clear; and so every hour he talks they think him less and less of an enthusiast and more and more of a seer.

The prior becomes his faithful, and, in the end, not unsuccessful ally in urging the suit of Columbus at the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella.

DEATH-BED SCENE OF THE GREAT DISCOVERER.—We draw this picture from the same source as the above: While Luther was in the monastery of Erfurth there was dying at Valladolid, in Spain, a most notable old man. He was a veteran admiral of Spain—not long returned from the last voyage he ever was to make, broken equally in health and in spirits. And the day before he died, having just signed his last will and testament, he was talking, as intervals of ease permitted, of the story of his life to his sons, and a few others who had gathered around his chair. Propped up and sadly suffering from complicated infirmities—looking much older than he was, but apparently much vigor in him yet—he was uttering words, which, to one who should have heard him only for the first time then, would have seemed strange indeed. For he spoke of little else but another world—not a world in the invisible whither he was soon to go—but of a new world on this earth of ours, where he had been—a world which he had been the first to see—a world which should be associated forever with his name, and which should be for all coming ages an inexhaustible field for enterprise, benevolence, and wealth. It was a strange scene altogether; the very room he was in looked like none other; it was hung round with the strangest things. Besides pictures of places and of ships, old charts, maps innumerable, and all ordinary naval things, there were the strangest-looking ornaments and weapons of all kinds—dried plants, and skins of animals, such as no one had ever seen before; live birds, and lumps of gold; a tattered flag of Spain; and most unaccountable of all, you might see a withered branch of thorn with berries on it, a small board decayed, a rudely-carved stick, and right over his chair, *chains*.

THE EMIGRANT LEAVING HOME.—Here is a study. There are few passions so deep and strong as the love of liberty. We demand it for ourselves; we desire it for our children. From the place of oppression, and tyranny, and bondage—though it be a land of fertility, and beauty, and civilization—we flee as from a Sahara. In

comparison with it, the land where Liberty makes her home, however bleak and mountainous, is a very paradise. Look upon that picture. How stern in high resolve and in heroic purpose the countenance of that father, as he bids his first-born son go forth and seek a home in the land where freedom may be enjoyed! That mother's countenance is eloquent in expression; what blessings she craves for her departing boy! That sister too—what sympathies are gushing from her heart! She realizes all the bitterness of parting. The group in the background bashfully express their sympathy, and even the face of the honest house-dog indicates a participation in the common feeling. In the mean time the loud shout of the driver to "hurry up," breaks upon the ear. The little brother, whose very soul is too full of emigration to tarry much longer in the "father-land," re-echoes the cry. Blessings and farewells are hastily uttered. The wagon whirls rapidly away, and the scene closes.

We can not look upon that group without trying to divine its future history. What shall be the fate of that young man? Will he succeed in making a home in the new world? Will the family rejoin him there? We will not be too precise or too definite; but we imagine we have seen that young man on this side of the ocean. It was at least the picture of him. Two or three years had matured his manly growth. He was bronzed by the sun, and his hand had been hardened by labor. He joined our party near Oshkosh, in Wisconsin. Stating the object of his journey eastward, he told us he had purchased a farm, erected a house, brought several acres under cultivation, and now he was on his way to New York, to give a welcome to his widowed mother, his three sisters, and two brothers, and conduct them to the home he had provided for them. Some years have passed since then, but the delightful picture of that young man is fresh as ever in our memory. The group, we trust, are still happy in their western home.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—We must decline "The Polar Seas;" "Ornithology;" "A Day of Peril;" and "Prairie Scenes." The "Empire of Reason" has more of prose than of poetry; "The Sword" does not evince the true poetic fire; "The Willow" has something sweet in it, but its muse limps; "Little Dolly" breathes the same spirit; "Washington at Prayer" is a fine theme, but the poetry is hardly equal to the subject. Let the young lady who wrote "My Garden," etc., use her pen; let her write prose as well as poetry. By and by, no doubt, she will appear in the Repository.

SUGGESTIONS TO THE EDITOR are always gladly received. They are often of material service to him, even when he does not adopt them *pro forma*. But it is often amusing to notice how contradictory these suggestions are—one earnestly recommending an author, a style of composition, a class of subjects or of pictures, which the other as earnestly condemns. We are not writing to rebut complaints; for while we have received hundreds of complimentary letters, we have scarcely received a complaining one during our whole editorial career. Our object is simply to indicate what must be the rule of every editor, who would command success; namely, *to get all the light he can, and then follow the dictates of his own judgment*. If he has sound judgment, independence of character, and editorial capacity, he will be likely to suit his readers; if he has not these qualifications, his awkward attempts to carry out the suggestions of others

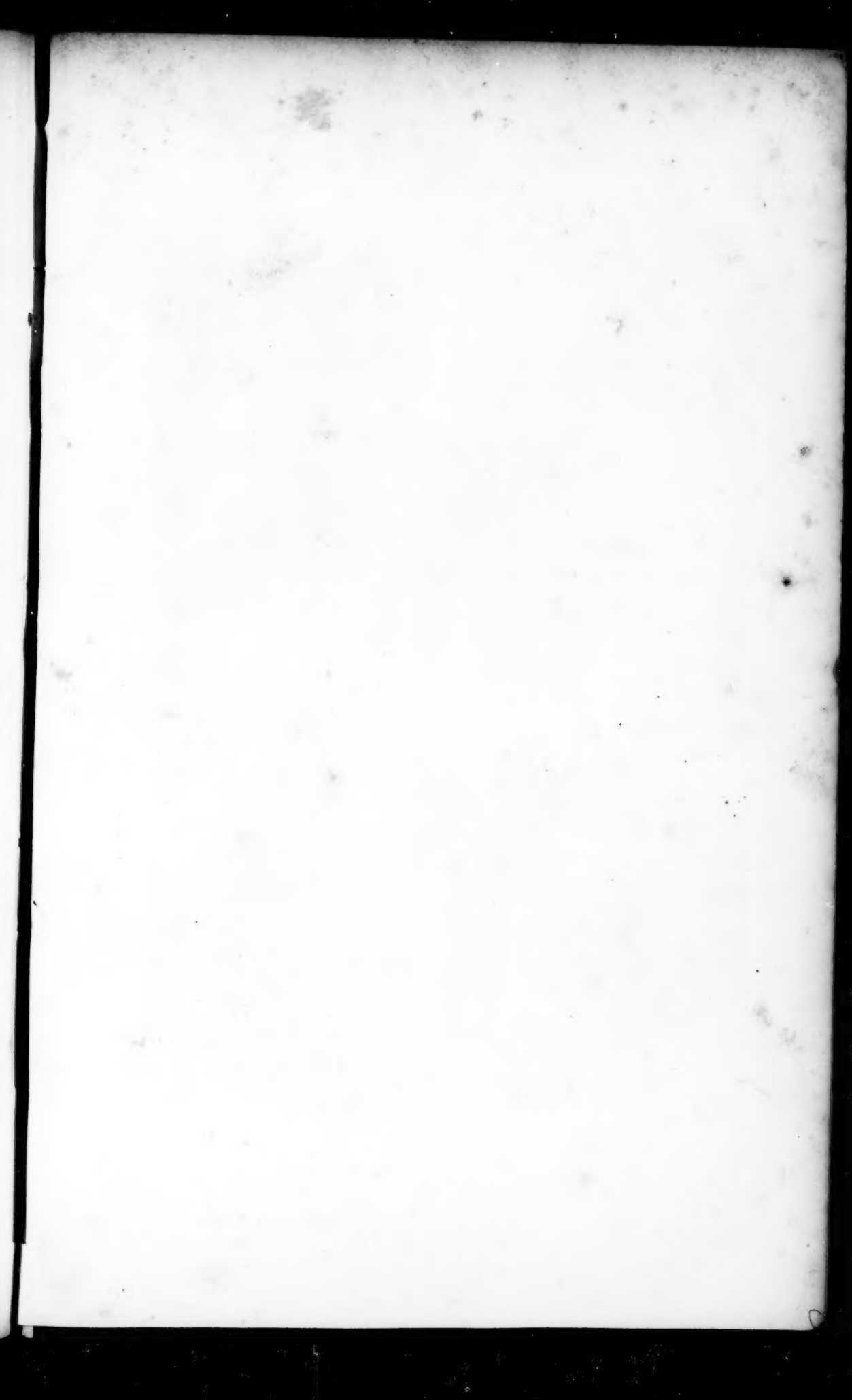
will only render him ridiculous, and make his failure more palpable.

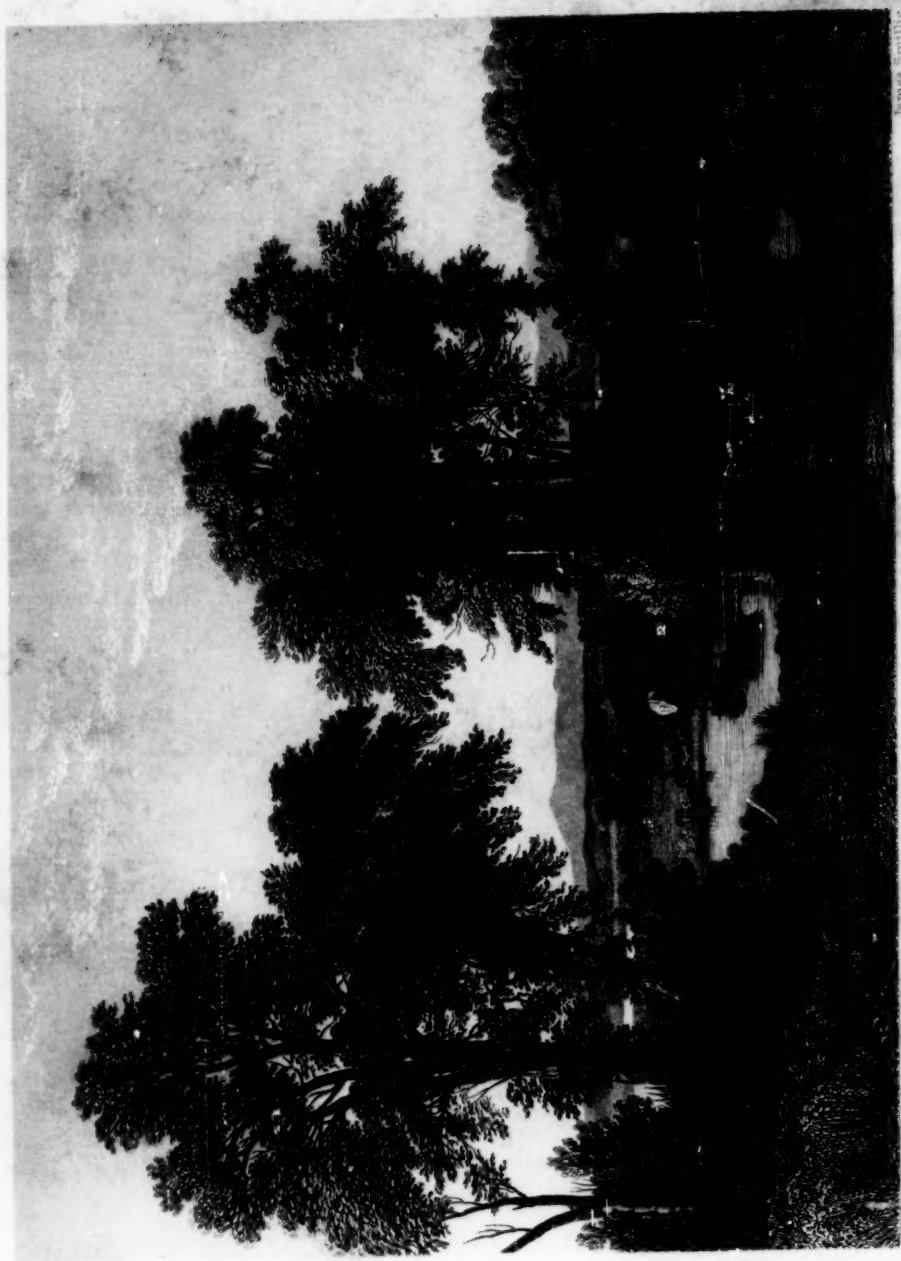
THE INADEQUATE SUPPORT OF THE MINISTRY.—We regret that, in consequence of our necessary absence while it was passing through the press, our article on this subject was blemished by a few errors. But they were not such as impair its facts or arguments. These are beyond cavil. We are glad to see evidence that the design of the article is in some measure likely to be realized. Attention is awakened to the subject. The remedy is being sought. We are in the reception of additional facts, the publication of which would stir the public still more upon the subject.

But we refer to the matter, just now, in order to notice a communication from a lay brother, who is also a personal friend, and a friend of the Church. This brother admits the facts we stated, and the full force of the arguments we used. But the responsibility of the evil he would lodge, first, in what he calls "the stultifying influence of the Disciplinary rule on the subject of quarterage;" and, secondly, in the lack of a lay delegation in the annual and General conferences. As to the rule, we have no disposition to defend it; we believe one better adapted to the present state of things could be devised, and regret the failure to accomplish that object at the last General conference. The time has fully come when a more liberal support for the ministry should, at least, be indicated in the Discipline. Yet it does appear to us that the present rule interposes no obstacle to the most liberal support, when there is the ability to give it.

Nor are we disposed to question that the freer participation of the laity in the financial business of our conferences would be productive of good results in this respect. This is already beginning to be realized in many of our benevolent operations. But that it would cure the evil we doubt. Other denominations who have had this element in their organization from the beginning, complain as loudly as we ourselves of this evil. True, some of their popular preachers in the large cities and rich Churches have enormous salaries—salaries almost, if not quite equal to those of our national secretaries. But many of their preachers in poor societies, and in by-places, are subjected to the most pinching poverty. With us there is more equality; but our general average is probably much below that of the Presbyterian and Baptist Churches.

ENGRAVINGS FOR OUR NEXT VOLUME.—We have a suggestion to make to our friends in relation to our engravings for the next volume. We would like to secure a large number of original views of American scenery. But the expense of sending an artist to visit different sections of the country, renders that method impracticable. In almost every locality, however, where there are bold or beautiful views, or scenes of historical interest, there may be found private drawings, daguerreotype views, or lithographs. Will our friends, who have a taste for the beautiful in art, aid us in this matter? Any such views sent to us we will return, if they are not used. Those who have had no experience in this matter, are unable to appreciate the difficulty of obtaining such views, or the labor and time it has cost us hitherto. We are making out a programme of portraits for the next volume; and if we can succeed in this other matter, we feel quite confident of giving great satisfaction to the friends and patrons of the Repository.



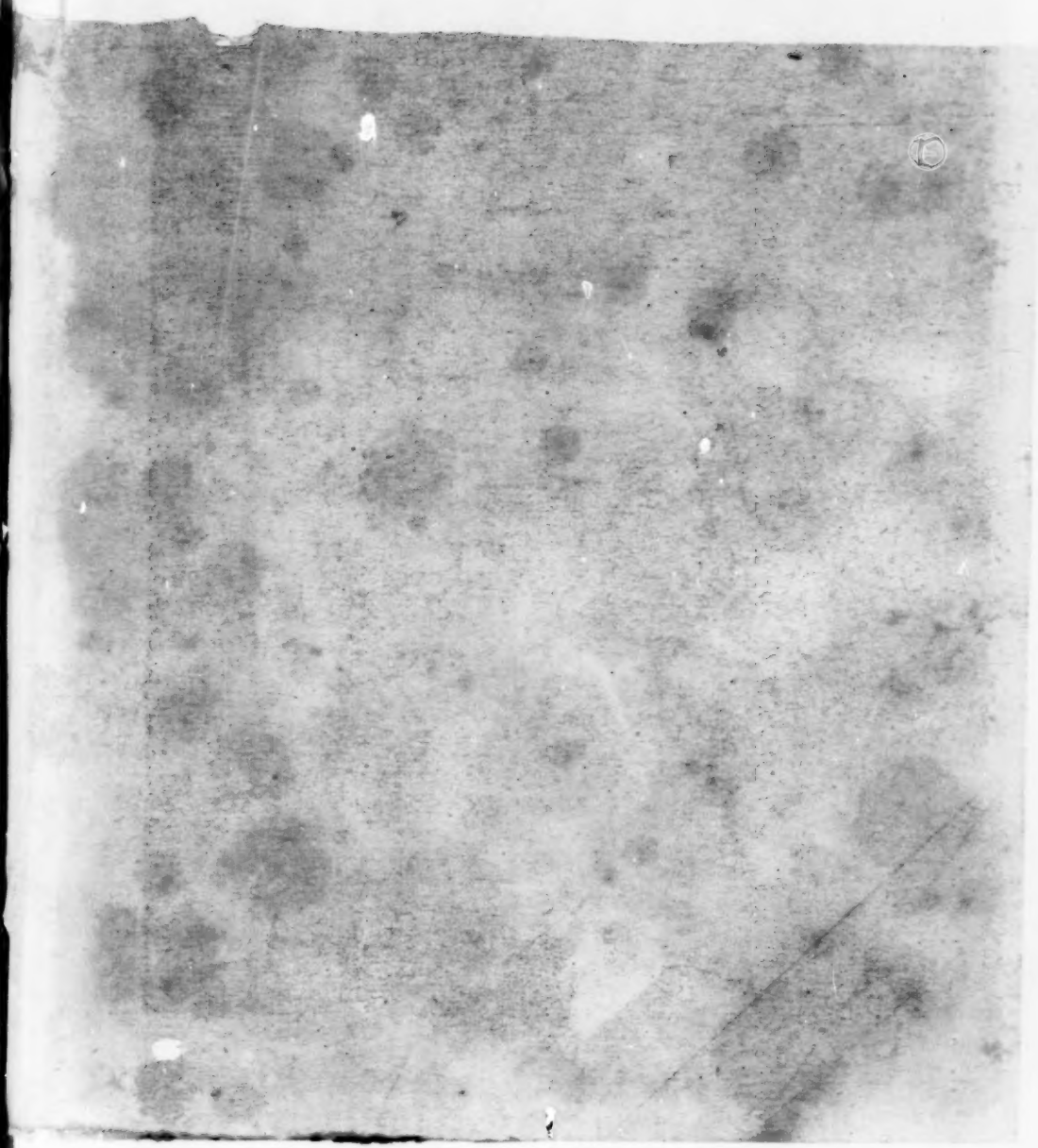


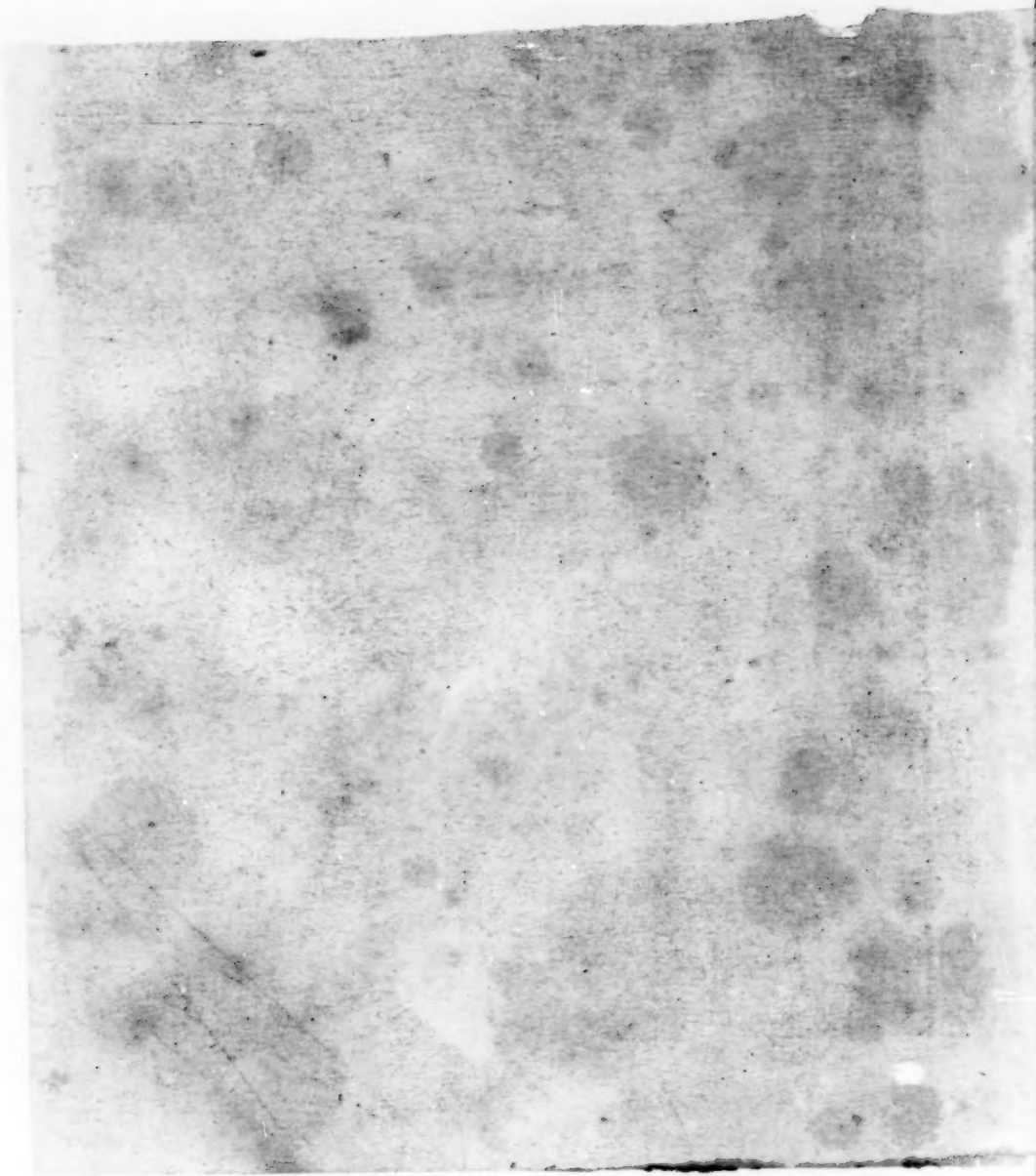
James Smith

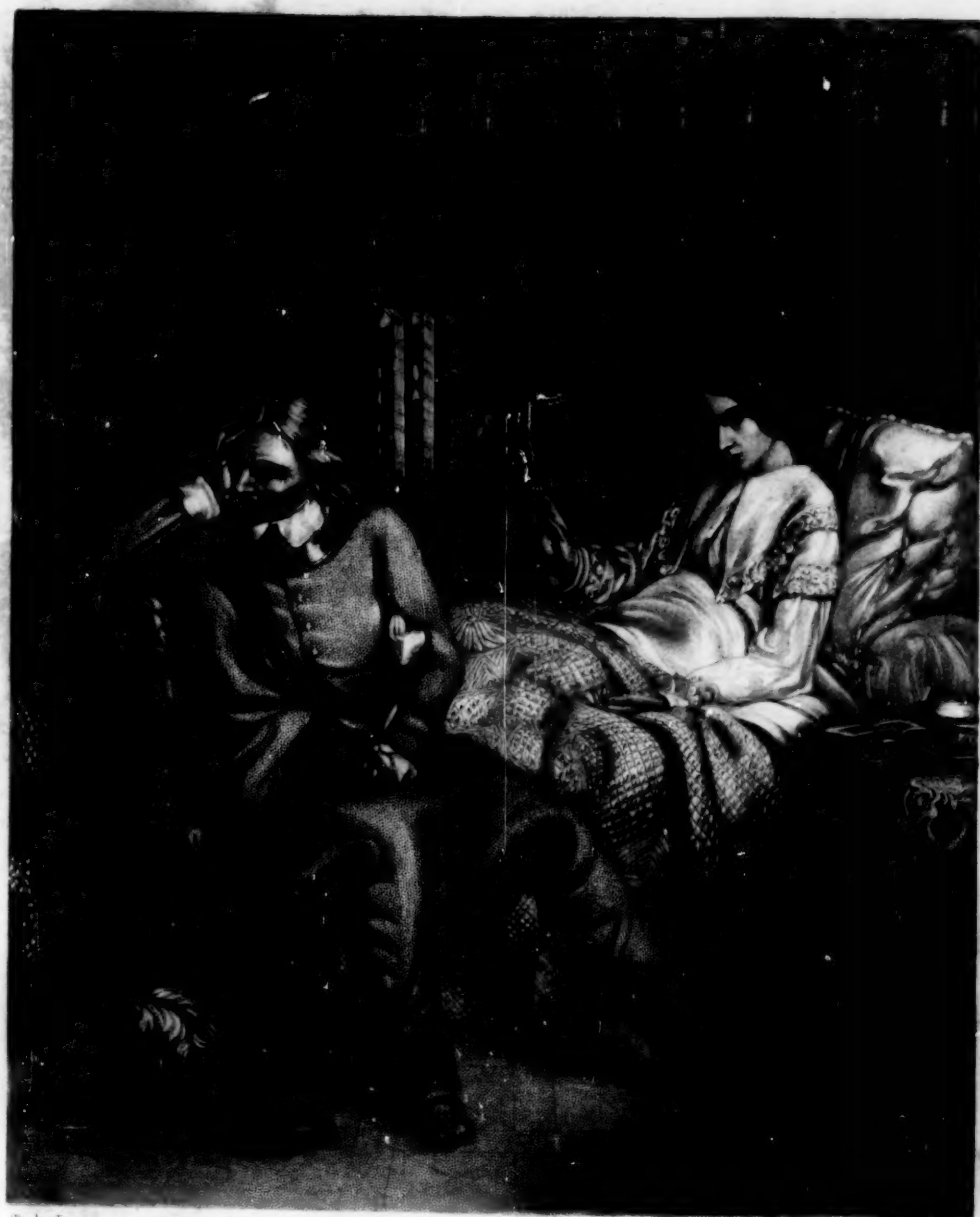
A GLIMPSE IN NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

Engraved especially for the Ladies' Bazaar.

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Lincoln's Last Interview with his Favorite Daughter

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